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THE LATE DUKE OF FIFE AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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TENANTS AND FARMERS.

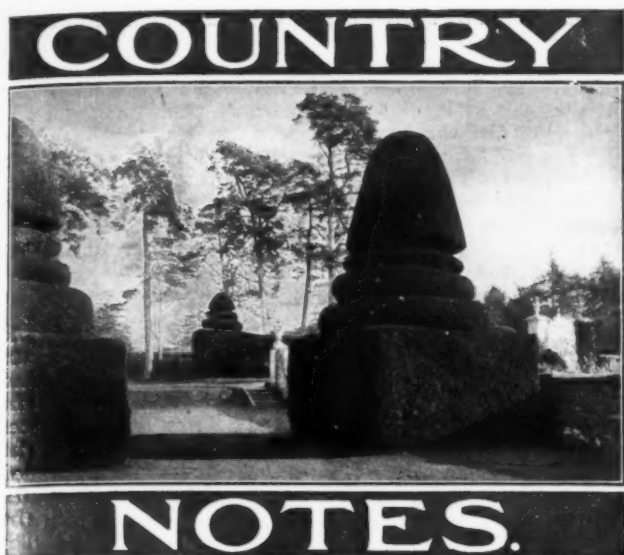
IN another part of the paper there will be found a summary and analysis of the Report of the Departmental Committee appointed to enquire into the effect on farmers of the break-up of estates that has been going on at an accelerating pace during the last two years. No very important or practical suggestion is made by the Commission, but the Report is a very interesting survey of the questions in which agriculturists are interested at the present moment. It may give some useful hints to Mr. Runciman, who, as we pointed out last week, is putting heart and energy into his new duties. A point that comes very clearly to the surface in the Report is the reluctance of farmers to depart from the old custom of cultivating land on the system of proprietors and tenants. The more we think, the more we are convinced that a great mistake has been made in rudely interfering with a system that has been evolved by the conditions obtaining in this country. It should not be forgotten that the tenant farmers of England succeeded in making this country the most productive in the

world. Judged by its results, their work has been excellent. Nor have they had anything to envy in the condition of peasant proprietors either in France or in any other country in the world. It has often been contended in favour of ownership that it brings a stable element into society; but it would be difficult to show how any element could be more stable than that of the tenant farmer. It is pointed out in the Report that it is a very general practice nowadays for them to ask for only twelve months' agreements instead of the longer leases that at one time used to be sought for. This must not be accepted as a sign of flightiness or changeability. There is an old saying to the effect that the most enduring lease of all is the one-year lease. There are estates in England, such as that of Lord Crewe in Cheshire, where it has been prevalent for several centuries, and nowhere have families remained more persistently rooted to the soil. The reason is simple enough when you come to think of it. If a farm be let for a year, then at the end of this period there is a squaring-up between landlord and tenant and a fresh start is made for the next year. In a long agreement grievances have a habit of accumulating, and as they grow older they have a way of begetting ill-feeling, accompanied with a reluctance to have them brought out into the daylight, examined and settled. A short agreement tends to preserve the independence alike of landlord and of tenant, and to promote the speedy settlement of any differences between them.

Another point developed during the investigation of the Committee ought not to pass without notice. Of late years there has been in many quarters an outcry against what are called the privileges of the landed gentry. These privileges not only exist, or used to exist, but were prized and sought after. To this day, in spite of all that has passed, there is nothing that gives greater consequence to a man than the ownership of land. It still carries with it social standing, opportunities for sport and many other advantages which are fully appreciated. But in their turn English landlords, as appears from the Report, have refrained from charging their tenants with the full commercial rent. Everyone who knows anything about English land is aware that there are a large number of estates scattered up and down the country where the landlord annually takes nothing from the land whatever, but devotes the revenues entirely to improvement. There is abundance of scope for this kind of work yet. Fifty years ago the expenditure of the improving landlord went in buildings, drains, fences and so forth; but it looks uncommonly likely that during the next few years the outlay will have to be upon dairies. If Mr. John Burns is interpreting public opinion correctly, then the industrial populations of the towns are set upon obtaining milk which has been produced under the most strictly sanitary conditions. We do not know what the provisions of the projected measure are to be, but it is certain that they will necessitate a very considerable alteration in the cow-house and in the dairy; perhaps also in the vessels used for transport. The adjustment of farms to meet new legal requirements would in the ordinary course have fallen upon owners; but the new small proprietors may feel it a very considerable strain on them.

The Commission lay particular emphasis on the absence of any desire on the part of the tenants to become owners. No doubt, if they had plenty of capital at their back, they would alter their views in this respect; but as the case stands, what they feel is that, the landowner at the present moment being content for the sake of the indirect advantages which he enjoys to take less than an economic rent, they are at liberty to use what funds they can command in the effective cultivation of the ground. By no arithmetical jugglery can it be shown that under any possible system of purchase they would not pay more in the shape of interest than is required as rent. A case that was chronicled in last week's papers illustrates what we mean. A firm of auctioneers sold a Gloucestershire estate. The property comprises the manor house, five farms and the lordship of the manor, the whole area being twelve hundred acres. This brought approximately a hundred years' purchase of the rent. The farmers would be dismayed if, when called upon in the future to buy their properties, they had to pay an annual amount made up of interest and repayment which was calculated on the last price brought by the property in open market. No doubt the case is a very extreme one; but there are many other instances in which the rent charged is greatly under what it would be on a commercial basis. There is, therefore, no lack of sense in the preference shown for the old landlord and tenant system.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



DEEP and widespread regret has been felt all over the country at the death of the King's brother-in-law, the Duke of Fife, which took place at Assuan on Monday. It can scarcely be wrong to conclude that the frightful shock and hardship caused by the wreck of the Delhi are responsible for the sad event. The exposure must have been hard to bear by one of the Duke's delicate constitution. He will be remembered for other reasons than his alliance with the Royal Family. The Duke of Fife was one of the most important and, it must also be said, one of the most liberal and enterprising landlords of his time. Long before there was any talk of a Small Holdings Bill he divided up parts of his estate and sold farms to his tenants. He created during his lifetime not very far short of four hundred landed proprietors. At one time he tried many interesting experiments in the way of reclamation. These are but a few of his titles to be remembered as a great country gentleman.

A quarter of a century ago, Admiral Sir John Dalrymple Hay, who has just died in his ninety-first year, was a very considerable figure in the world of politics. He sat in the House of Commons for sixteen years, during which he was the most vigorous champion of the Navy and the keenest speaker on all that concerned its welfare. He had not himself been very well treated in the Service. When Mr. Childers' retirement scheme came into force in 1870, Sir John Hay was compulsorily retired at the age of forty-nine, in the very prime and vigour of his life. The Government of the day recognised that their legislation in this case was producing a hardship, and offered to make an exceptional case of Sir John Hay and to propose him as Commander-in-Chief of the East India Station, through the intervention of the Queen in Council; but Sir John Hay, acting on the advice of his brother-officers, refused to allow his case to be made exceptional, and left the active service. He became Vice-Admiral on the retired list in April, 1872, and full Admiral on March 21st, 1878. He was the author of several valuable books connected with the Navy, and by his death the nation has become the poorer by the loss of one who had devoted the greater part of his long life to the national service.

As we read accounts of the hospitable reception which the British guests are receiving in St. Petersburg, our regret is deepened that the Speaker of the House of Commons had to turn back owing to the death of his father. Mr. William Lowther had attained to a patriarchal age, and his decease was the natural ending of a dignified and honourable career. Yet when such a separation occurs it brings its own sorrow, however inevitable it may seem. The Speaker's absence from Russia is the more regrettable because there are probably few men living better able to institute a comparison between the condition of the Czar's subjects and those of King George. Mr. Lowther has the unbiased judicial mind which enables him to see the two nations in their natural contrasts, and his intimate family connection with Russia has given him the means to acquire exceptional knowledge. Although it is a disappointment that he has not been able to form one of the distinguished party, it is to be hoped that on a future occasion an opportunity will be afforded him of visiting Russia in his official capacity as Speaker.

According to the Minister of Agriculture, it has been decided to bring in a Milk and Dairies Bill during the Session

that will shortly open. Mr. Runciman did not go into particulars when he made the announcement at the annual dinner of the Midland Farmers' Association, but he gave a general outline of the principles on which Mr. Burns has drawn up the proposed measure. The first is that no milk likely to breed disease ought to go to the big populations in the towns. As uttered, this is a wide statement that may cover any amount of regulations, stringent or the reverse. It is evident that the sanitation of the dairy and, probably, an increase of the inspectorate are meditated. Secondly, no farmers or producers of milk should be subject to prosecution for faults over which they have no control. This, again, is a dark saying which may refer either to the misdemeanours of retailers or to a relaxation of the stringency with which the milk standard has been enforced. That is to say, if a cow naturally gives milk that shows less than the required ratio of butter-fat, the farmer will be exonerated. Thirdly and lastly, when prosecutions take place, they are to be civil and not criminal. This is the clearest of the three statements, and shows that the Department does not approve of some of the punishments that have been given for adulteration.

It has been calculated that by the year 1916 the large sum of £325,000 will have been given from the Development Fund for the promotion of agricultural education, and at the meeting of the Farmers' Club the other night the allocation of this money to farm institutes came up for discussion. Now it is easy to imagine farm institutes under good supervision, and manned by capable, practical men, doing a vast amount of good; but, on the other hand, many of us remember the huge sums that were squandered years ago in payment of lecturers who were sent round the country to teach such subjects as dairying and cookery. A Development Fund, evidently, can become a danger as well as an advantage. Those who have control of the spending ought to have their proceedings most carefully scrutinised, because otherwise the State has no chance of getting value for its expenditure. In fact, the present time is one when there is an urgent demand for preachers of the good old-fashioned doctrine of economy. We have seen that county councils allow money to leak through their fingers in the establishment of small farms, and it will be strange indeed if there is not a much greater leakage from the Development Fund. It should never be forgotten that leakage in one direction invariably involves parsimony in another. In other words, public money is very often lavished where it is not needed, and withheld where it should be given.

THE FEBRUARY BRIDE.

"The amethyst for February."

To-day she leaves her father's door
To keep the lover's final tryst,
Her hand, where diamonds shone before,
Deckt with a single amethyst.

They bring no roses from the South
To her who home and rank forgets,
But One has kissed her trembling mouth
And filled her hands with violets.

No summer sun shines on the bride,
But floating films of tender mist
Veil leafless trees and bare hillside
In violet and amethyst.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

Advocates of sugar-beet-growing in England may be congratulated on the very practical step that has been taken. This is the formation of a company with capital, largely British, to build a sugar-beet factory at Cantley, Norfolk. The representative of the Anglo-Netherlands Sugar Corporation told the meeting at Norwich on Saturday that all the money required had been provided, not only for the erection and equipment of a large factory of the best type, but also for working capital. The construction is to be put in hand at once, so that the factory may be completed by August 15th. This will enable the season's growth of beet to be dealt with. After all, this is the one sound method of experiment. If the shareholders find that the concern earns a profit for them, theirs will be the most effective method of preaching the virtues of sugar-beet. The only doubtful question is not whether the farmers can make a profit by growing beet, but whether they cannot grow other things that will give them a greater profit.

Where the Genealogist has ploughed, the Eugenist is going to reap the increase. On Tuesday night Professor Karl Pearson devoted his opening lecture in the series which constitute the

first public lectures of the first Galton Professor of Eugenics to a fascinating study of the ancestral factor in the founder's making. Sir Francis Galton in himself offered almost the best illustration that could be found of the science which he invented. Probably we shall hear a great many lectures akin in character to that of Karl Pearson. The Eugenist brings a new and fresh light to bear on the science of descent. There are one or two striking characteristics which differentiate his researches from those conducted for heraldic purposes. Both of them, it is true, find very much the same kind of incident. Nearly every great English family traces back to a yeoman ancestry in the sixteenth century and the bar sinister. Both establish the fact that, whatever may be the social distinctions of to-day, king, yeoman and squire were closely connected in the past.

Some of the differences are very interesting. The Genealogist rejoices in a descent through the male line, and he has an inborn dislike of the bar sinister. The Eugenist approaches the subject with more freedom from prejudice. The female line is of rather more importance to him than the male line, because paternal attributes are more commonly handed down through daughters than through sons. The bar sinister, instead of being a blot in lineage, is an interesting incident; by its means the Sedley wit and humour were transmitted to the Darwin and Galton families. It is a curious fact connected with the two families, whose pedigrees were printed and handed round to the audience, that many of the marriages resulted only in a female child or children. Perhaps the extraordinary purity with which mental attributes have been handed down from one generation to another is to be attributed to the preponderance of girl heirs. We should look forward with pleasant anticipations to the continuation of Professor Karl Pearson's brilliant study. The science of Eugenics under his manipulation promises to enrich genealogical research. Where before it was enough to obtain a correct family tree, it will be an object now to find out the human qualities of each individual whose name figures in it.

In that great book which we all know so much better by the name of Mr. Jorrocks, its immortal hero, than by the title of "Handley Cross," which its author proposed for it, we find that hero, in course of one of his hunting lectures, breaking into the rapturous exclamation: "Would I were a heagle, 'overing over the hounds, seeing which ran frantic for blood," and so on. It is a noble aspiration which he hardly thought to realise; but had he been by some happy miracle kept alive, as his memory lives, to this day, he might in effect have enjoyed this prospect. We hear of an aeronaut at Pau following the hounds and hovering over them in much this fashion. Had such an one appeared with Mr. Jorrocks' hunt, we may imagine, though we may not commit to paper, the words with which he would have been greeted by the great Master and his huntsman, Mr. James Pigg. The aeroplane at Pau is such a very familiar sight that probably the horses do not shy at it; but we cannot think of its hovering over any English pack in this manner without causing a good deal of dismay to the horses, and possibly to their riders.

Some people seem disposed to take a pessimistic view of the future of football in consequence of the extensive betting on the game. No doubt it is extensive and, for the moment, on the increase. In the courts recently stiff fines have been inflicted on some of the bookmakers who trade in the evil practice, and this may have some effect; but the trouble is that a good many of them have set up in business outside Great Britain, and it is, therefore, hard for the law to come to grips with them. It is of some encouragement to remember that cricket, which is now absolutely pure of the worst evils which betting brings into a sport or pastime, once suffered heavily from the like cause. You may read the story with much edification in the pages either of Nyren or of Pycroft. It is pointed out there how hard it was for a poor professional player to be honest when he was offered a sum that to him was a fortune to sell a match by failing to make runs, hold catches or bowl wickets. It is a similar danger which lurks in the betting on football, and if once the public has a suspicion of the "selling" of matches, however baseless the suspicion be, it will be almost impossible to remove, and may come to be the ruin of the game's popularity.

In a highly interesting article in the *National Geographic Magazine* of America, Mr. Hugh Smith, the United States Deputy-Commissioner of Fisheries, gives an account of the fur-bearing seal, showing the various but always increasing degrees of its destruction which have culminated in the necessity forced upon the Governments of those nations which are concerned in the preservation of the seal to pass legislation absolutely prohibiting, for the space of fifteen years, all pelagic sealing. The epithet "pelagic" is to be noted, for it has been

hastily inferred by many careless people that all killing of seals within that period is forbidden. It is the killing in the ocean, when the herds are migrating, at which time a large number of females used to be destroyed, that is now declared illegal; but the male seals, or the surplus male population, will still be killed on the islands by those who are legally entitled so to do. The prohibitive legislation came into operation on December 15th last. The article is headed with the optimistic title, "Making the Fur Seal Abundant"; wherefore, if the price of sealskin is appreciated in the meantime, it is to be inferred that those of us who are still alive when the fifteen years of close time are past may buy our furs at a cheap rate.

Last week, in Yorkshire, Mr. Wilson Horsfall, Master of the Bilsdale Hounds, discovered a litter of fox cubs on his Potto property. This is unusual and, perhaps, an unprecedented event in a county so far north as Yorkshire. Mr. Millais, in the "Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland," says that "instances of litters occurring as early as January are not unknown in the South of England." We believe that one has been recorded in Gloucestershire as early as December. Perhaps the character of the season may account for this early breeding. After the hot summer came an autumn that was fine till the wet weather set in, and then an exceedingly mild winter. Masters of Hounds will not be very much pleased if they learn that this particular case of early breeding is only the herald of others. The enemies of fox-hunting are only too glad to get up an outcry against hunting vixens after the breeding season has begun.

THE FLANNEL ZOO.

("On ordinary household red flannel trace the outline of some well-known animal. . . . Cut it out. . . . The quaint, plain designs will emphasise to them [the children] that the objects on which the designs are placed are their own."—DAILY PAPER.)

Harold, for long I have observed that you
Are subject to attacks of altruism,
That, without provocation, you bestow
Things not yet useless on the poor and low,
Inducing pauperism;
This is a course you must no more pursue:
Remember when you see a flannel sheep
The object it adorns is *yours*—to keep.

And May, in your still plastic soul I trace
The germ of notions almost communistic,
Which to correct, hereafter you will note
Your dolls and games *appliqué-d* with a goat;
This, in a way artistic,
Will Teach you How To Keep Things In Their Place;
I trust that I shall not hear Nurse complain
You've given all your sweets away again.

Algie!—my Benjamin!—my boo'ful boy!
On silk and velvet, silver and enamel,
On all the things you love to squeeze or suck,
Rattle or blow or break, recall, my duck,
Your special sign's the camel;
This should, I think, effectually destroy
The doubt to which your infant mind is prone—
The questioning and fear—"Is this my own?"

Children, enough! By such ingenious ways
The faults of youth are now eradicated,
And inability to recognise
Meum and Tuum yields to exercise
(Sheep, camel, goat, as stated;)
You shall outgrow this well-known, childish phase,
Selflessness curb, philanthropy eschew
By close attention to your flannel zoo.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

The statement is often made that modern theatrical audiences care only for what is very slight and ephemeral in character; in a word, that they like best the musical comedy or a variety entertainment. Rightly considered, the fact that "Edipus Rex" has proved so popular as to necessitate an extension of the period for which it was originally planned to run must give rise to a revision of opinion. At a first glance one would think it shows in itself all the features most repellent to a modern audience. The plot is forbidding; the conversation, despite the amount of Swinburne introduced into it, is still to the ear of to-day stilted and long. There is no approach to a jest from the beginning to the end; yet both in the afternoons and at night, when every seat was occupied, the audience followed with breathless and unbroken attention from the

opening to the end of the single act which constitutes the play. Then it broke out into the sort of applause that is dearest to the actor. This would seem to show that there is still a great audience in London for the serious arts, especially as the explanation holds that, despite the modern dress and all the rest of it, there is still something of Sophocles left in the English version of the play.

Surely there is no town in all England that so persistently belies the amiable and peaceful suggestions of its village green, its ancestral elms and all its old-world associations as that of Mitcham in Surrey—where the lavender comes from, to parody classic words. It is situated on that leisurely river Wandle, of which the very name alone breathes the spirit of day-long sauntering. Yet surely no other town of its size figures so often

in the Law Courts or indicates a litigious unrest so strangely at variance with its placid exterior. We have the annual recriminations between those who would hold the customary fair and those who would not have it held; we have disputes as to the golfing rights, whether pertaining to the Prince's Golf Club by virtue of its acquirement of the lordship of the manor, or to the commoners, as forming part and parcel of their general right of access to the common and of grazing. More recently we have litigation as to these very grazing rights themselves. The term "pannage" appears in certain documents, attesting commoners' rights, cited in this last matter, and in the reports is spoken of as an old equivalent for "pasturage." But if that is so, we must admit the equivalence with the reservation that it was usually restricted to the pasturage of pigs—on beechmast and acorns.

AFTER THE LONG RAIN.



H. E. Powell Higgins.

THE FIVE TREES.

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WHILE the accounts of hard weather, abundant snow and ice have been received from various parts of the country, the winter around London until the last few days has been one of unmitigated rain. This, no doubt, has its advantages, especially to the poor, in a season when fuel is exceptionally dear; but to a great many it has come like an infliction that seemed endless. Agriculture has been practically brought to a standstill. The fields are in such a condition that the drilling for wheat, which should have been done before the end of January, will not be possible till we have had a considerable spell of dry weather. Nor is the other work any further forward. The only consolation has been that beasts have escaped more easily than was at one time expected. On some meadows there is even a bit of grass for them, and nowhere has there been that

severity which always is an expense in feeding. On Saturday the writer took a long walk over one of the largest and most prosperous farms within thirty miles of London. It was a delight to get out again, because for some time past all the ordinary amusements have either been stopped altogether or spoiled by the rain. Riding has been a progression through mud, and hunting anything but agreeable; shooting has been open to the same objection, and golf has been rendered impossible by the formation of lakes on the links. Besides, even those who make least of weather find it extremely uncomfortable to spend hours under a grey sky which is continually discharging its contents on the earth and, like the widow's cruse, is never exhausted. No clothing that we have yet been able to discover is impervious to such continuous rain as we have had for months now. It was, therefore, a pleasure and a novelty to be



SNOWY MEADOWS.



HARD WEATHER ON THE FARM.

able to get on to the fields without wearing a mackintosh. A wintry north-east wind was blowing, but such clouds as there were were very high, and the blue sea in which they sailed immersed altogether, a most unnaturally vivid green had boded no more rain. On the fields, where they were not come; the grass had started before its time owing to the comparatively high temperature. A little stream almost bisects the farm, and its waters were gushing and bubbling below gates, across roads and in many other places where they ought not to be. That is to say, economically; they were pleasant both to the eye and the ear. Where the low meadows lie, considerable sheets of ice had formed, and Mr. Pickwick himself would have been delighted to see the vigour with which village boys were pursuing his old pastime of sliding. They had made one long slide, perhaps by pouring on water while the frost was in its earliest stages; and what reminded one of Pickwick most was the way in which the sliders "kept the kettle boiling." In exactly the same way as described by Dickens, first there was the run, then the long slide, in the course of which those who were proficient performed such acrobatic tricks as beating the ice with one foot while they slid on the other, or doing the slide in the sitting position. Some even changed from sitting to standing; but the moment they came to the end, back they turned, in a trot, to the beginning, when they once more went through the performance. It was a happy and exhilarating sight, with the black, bare winter trees as a background and the unfrosted stream bubbling past the ice on the meadow. A jolly farmer, who might himself have come from Dingley

Dell, gazed with sympathy on the party, and yet could not help ejaculating a wish that the frost had not come to stay. He explained that, though mixed husbandry described the character of the cultivation in his neighbourhood, the greater part of the mixture was made up of stock. He had not yet sold his horses and bought an agricultural motor. Foot-and-mouth had not scared him from cattle-feeding, and he had a flock of ewes very near to lambing-time in a higher meadow adjoining that in which we stood. Looking back on the past autumn, he said on the whole farmers had not much reason to complain. The dry summer lasted long enough for them to get in their winter wheat under the most favourable conditions. He thought a few had been in almost too great a hurry to get rid of their



W. Reid.

WINTER KEEP.

Copyright.

livestock. The ewes in the next field, for instance, he had purchased in lamb for 25s. apiece. Luckily, he was a little better than his neighbours, inasmuch as he had obtained a splendid crop of turnips from a damp piece of soil situated close to the river. For a similar reason his hay had not been so short as that of his neighbours, and his straw was not so stumpy. Of the last-mentioned he had made the most economical use by chaffing it to mix with the hay and the other ingredients of his fodder. The very open character of the winter had helped him so far, and he professed his ability to stand out for a moderate while against hard weather. If, however, a prolonged snowstorm were to make its appearance he would lose money. He said it was pitiful to see some of those less fortunately circumstanced than himself forced to sacrifice their live things at a ruinous price because they had not food for them, and he confirmed the forecast made by a correspondent of this paper in last week's issue that English beef and English mutton are likely to make a considerable advance in price before spring begins. Unfortunately, it seems to be a very safe thing to make that kind of prophecy just now, because the price of foodstuffs, both for man and beast, is continually ascending. Considering that the nature of the agriculturist is to resist every



W. H. Nithsdale.

SLIDING.

Copyright

temptation to take too rosy a view of the situation, the account was not so unsatisfactory. Last year Ceres distributed her favours capriciously. The very industrious farmer to whom we were speaking has every reason to congratulate himself on the result of the year. To our knowledge he got an extra good price for his wheat; he disposed of his grass seeds on very advantageous terms; and he had a magnificent crop of potatoes, for which he obtained a good return. In fact, in regard to this last item, his grumbling is based on the circumstance that he



O. Hardee.

A SNOWFALL IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

Copyright.

was rather too keen to take an advantageous offer. He said at first that he had lost £100 over his potatoes; but the meaning of this statement, when it was elucidated, was that he might have put another hundred in his pocket if he had been content

to wait. On the other side of the hedge, so to speak, a neighbour had met with an almost reverse fate. All his operations during the past year had come out wrong, and at present his situation is a grave one.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN reading Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman*, two volumes (Longmans), the most poignant feeling is regret that Fate robbed the Church of England of one who might have been its most illustrious archbishop. Newman's clear-sightedness, his scholarship, his moderation, his liberal attitude to science, qualified him, as no other in our time has been qualified, for that distinguished position. How he missed his destiny forms the tragic element in this biography. Let it be said once and for all that the book is a fine one. If Mr. Ward's sympathy for Rome is too pronounced, it is a fault on the right side, since it brings him into closer touch with his material. Nor is there reason to complain that too much space is devoted to the details of theological controversies. Those who are of Newman's way of thinking will greedily devour them. With the general reader it is otherwise. He sees that time has settled or is either settling the great theological disputes that raged in the fifties and sixties or robbing them of interest. It is enough for him to trace the outline of a picturesque and stately figure, to know familiarly the character of the purest, most refined, most lovable of the great Victorians. The portraits illustrating the two volumes show us a saint's face, in youth already bearing the marks of one who is set apart and monastic, an expression deepened as age and experience, asceticism and deep meditation replace the beauty of manhood with the serenity of age.

He is from the first bookish, and the drama of his life is acted in a world of scholars and ecclesiastics. He never seems to have come into contact with the vigorous contemporary thinkers and workers who were not ecclesiastical. In the famous lectures delivered in Dublin during 1855 or thereabouts, he spoke with the prescience of genius regarding the advance of positive science, but he knew only the early skirmishers. Darwin, who was working with a devotion equal to his own, receives only one slight allusion in his letters. Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer and their grim iconoclastic followers had yet to deliver their attack. Here were intellects equal to his own, but he scarcely heard of them. Christianity was then like a great state under foreign invasion. Geology, evolution, historical criticism and anthropology were mining literal interpretations of the Sacred Text. Gladstone was the forlorn-hope to tilt with Huxley over the Biblical account of the Creation. Sociologic study made out that law and conscience had been engendered by the necessity of having a clear understanding on certain points if people were to live together securely. Law and conscience were evolved by human need, not, as Newman believed, thundered from Sinai. It was open to Christianity either to repel these doctrines if they were false, or assimilate them if true. But, instead, the churches engaged in war among themselves. Newman was out of it altogether. When Hutton of the *Spectator* asked him to join the "Metaphysical Society" he refused, and his biographer offers the suggestive explanation that probably he felt shy of "encountering in debate free-thinkers and agnostics for the first time when he was seventy years old." Is not this to say that his was "a cloistered and unbreath'd virtue"? The Church of Rome, steeped in mediocrity, could itself only use weapons long obsolete, answering, so to speak, Krupp guns with muzzle-loaders. Newman and the Tractarians, like Professor Bergson and his followers to-day, refused to answer reason with reason. "Mere intellect" it was the fashion to decry. He tells us that he and Hurrell, Froude, Keble and Pusey were united more by their distrust of "the aristocracy of talent" than by anything else. This principle of shutting the eye to reason accounts for much. Newman's finer characteristics account for more.

One was his genius for friendship, his capacity for love. No hint of sexual love is given in these volumes, and its absence, perhaps, made his friendships dearer and more abiding. Such a man could not believe that the soul with which he had held daily communion could be annihilated. Mr. Ward (unconsciously it may be) over and over again uses the word "clinging" to describe his affection. Nothing was more real to him than the belief that

with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Of the sister who died in 1828 (when he was twenty-seven) he wrote some months after:

A solemn voice seems to chant from everything. I know whose voice it is—her dear voice. Her form is almost nightly before me, when I have put out the light and lain down I see.

Long afterwards, in writing a letter of comfort to a bereaved domestic servant, he said: "I too know what it is to lose a sister. I lost her forty-nine years ago, and though so many years have past I still feel the pain."

His intense and mystical intellect attached great importance to dates. He remembered the days on which his friends, and even acquaintances, died. They multiplied quickly as his long life neared its end. On February 26th, 1871, he wrote to Henry Wilberforce:

Thank you for your affectionate greetings. I said Mass for you and yours living and departed on the 24th. Around my birthday are grouped the deaths of many whom I have known and loved. This year two on the same day—Lady Rogers and Mr. Herbert on the 16th. Besides I have the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 28th, 29th and four times two on the same day. I have no such galaxy at any other part of the year! I wonder which day I shall die on—one passes year by year over one's death day as one might pass over one's grave.

He had also "a clinging love of his old homes," and kept the anniversaries of his departures from them. Never have we read of an inner life at once so beautiful and so well ordered. Much of his time was spent in answering letters, and his replies were carefully written, often after a first draft had been made. These drafts and the answers to many of them were carefully annotated and kept, so that they made a chronicle and remembrance of the events of his life. He had trained himself in early life to be deliberate in all things, and acted on the motto that "Egotism is the truest modesty." Connected with this was a deep sense of responsibility for all he did.

His study of the Early Fathers had been unwearied. Döllinger thought that of all men living he had the best knowledge of the first three centuries of Church history. At times he hungered to get away from all other occupation to this reading. One other fact should be kept in mind. His sense was very sound and fine. His eye for colour and ear for music are well known. His palate, despite his asceticism, was so discriminating that he was asked to choose the wines at Oriel.

It was at Oxford that he rose to the zenith of his fame and influence. He was the "idolised master" of the undergraduates, and, in the words of J. A. Froude, *Credo in Newmanum* was the genuine symbol of faith. This was the period of the wonderful afternoon sermons. He worked such a change as never had been known at Oxford before. His influence was the strongest and the most religious of any man in England. At the very moment when he stood highest in the esteem of the best in the English Church, he crossed over to Rome and his career was virtually ended, though the second half of his life still lay in front. What were the real factors that produced such a result can only be guessed. Antiquarianism, a mistaken belief that the Romish Church alone had carried down the truths and the traditions of the Early Fathers, a vein of mysticism, a fear of rationalism, combined to incline him in that direction. Nothing could be more pathetic than the faith and loyalty with which he entered into the new creed. On one side we see a churchman and poet, spiritual, mystic and imaginative, prostrating himself before an Italian priest, and on the other the commonplace and worldly Cardinal Wiseman and his equally commonplace coadjutors receiving this wonderful gift without any appreciation of its real value. For justification of this description, let the reader turn to Wiseman's letter describing the scene; its tone is that of a tradesman gloating over a bargain. Newman lost his power of initiative, and the rule of life to which he became subject gradually paralysed his previously untamable spirit. His projects failed one after another. The dignitaries of Rome valued him only as his popularity rose and fell, and this applies to all from the Pope downwards. Failure began to dog his footsteps. Finally, the last scene of all shows us Newman smothered under the monotonous duties of the Oratory, his initiation quelled, his spirit depressed, his mind and memory going out to the Oxford he had made illustrious and the men there whose love remained the one imperishable possession.

MODERN AND MEDIEVAL.

The Wild Orchard, by Elinor Sweetman. (Herbert and Daniel.)

MISS ELINOR SWEETMAN'S new book of poems, with an Introduction by Mr. Cunningham Graham, has attained the magic of which the first gave promise. There is much variety in the volume—narrative poems, such as "Rhœcus" and "Ginevra," and pastorals, of which the first, "Pastoral of the Epiphany," is described by Mr. Cunningham Graham as "simple and heart-felt." It is so instinct with the spirit of the Middle Ages that one might fancy it transcribed from some black-letter volume hitherto undiscovered. Other poems, such as "The Faun" and "The Dancers," are frankly pagan in their "wild glee," their exuberance of life. The metre is most deftly adapted to the subject. The lines seem to dance; we hear in them the rhythmical beat of light feet, the soft swirl of airy draperies. Then, lastly, there is the "Lover's Breviary," a series of love poems, where many people will deem the author is at her best. I venture to give the poem "At Vespers" in its entirety, being perhaps the most typical example of Miss Sweetman's method:

O variable!

Most variable, yet most beloved still!
You are like water and in movement live
As doth the tide, that on its rocky shelf
Sways back and forward, compassed in itself;
Melts and reshapes, and ever seems to give
Its being to the barren earth, and yet
Rolls off inviolate. O, I could deem
Our unbelievable, sweet hours a dream,
But for the furrows which your passage set
About my days. Here then in pain you have
Sealed unforgotten joys; here, once with you,
Love came to me, and like the breaking wave,
Gave and withdrew!

In the following excerpt from the lyric set down for None 5 we have the thought, rounded, complete, in absolute harmony with the image which conveys it:

Lo! at mid-June, every leaf to its brother
Lendeth not shadow, but fulness of hue,
So at love's noon, when our hearts to each other
Lean and expand, like the leaves in the land,
With touch of your hand on my hand, life grew
Not dark, O my dearest, but deeper, through you.

And again, quoting from None 2:

THE PLACE WHERE THEY DID NOT MEET.

Like harvest-fields untilled,
Whence none may hope for bread,
Or buds of frosted roses
That never gather red,
This dim old town encloses
A promise unfilled.
Like doves around their cote,
About its towers were wheeled
Who knows what words unuttered—
What sweetness unrevealed—
What dreams that fluttered—fluttered—
Fluttered—and nested not!

As a proof of Miss Sweetman's power to paint a whole scene in a few touches, and to convey therewith its atmosphere, let us give these four lines from the

PASTORAL OF AUGUST.

What time warm downs lie gold against the sky,
And the whole land with honey-bloom is sweet;
When farmers stand knee-deep in rustling wheat,
Gauging its uncut amber silently.

M. B.

[REVIEWS OF NOVELS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 28.]



ETONIANS IN THE SNOW.



Mrs. G. A. Barton.

NO CAPTIVITY NEEDED.

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE DREAM- PEDLAR.

BY
LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.



THE wind whirled down the village street, and with it came the Pedlar. He came in a cloud of dust and dead leaves, his pack on his shoulders and his long, brown feather streaming behind him. But this time he had not come to sell dreams. No, indeed, he was bent on far other business. He was after his favourite dream, who had somehow escaped and flown away from him. Up and down, far and near he trudged, seeking for her, but not a trace or trail could he find anywhere. So he was frowning, and when he frowned his small, black eyes looked like dead coals. And no wonder, for this was a dream worth all the others he had ever had. Down the street he came and knocked sharply at the first house. Martha, Gaffer Girdle's daughter, opened the door. She smiled and curtsied when she saw the Pedlar.

"I be wanting a new dream, sir," she said; "sure enough I do—the last you sold me kept me pleased for a month. I've been saving up on the chance of your coming again. Have you any nice sort of pretty little dream with pink ribbons and roses in it?"

"Tush!" said the Pedlar. "I haven't time for that sort of nonsense! I've lost my best dream. Has anyone here seen her? You couldn't forget her if you had. She has hair like gold dust, little wings on her shoulders and a shining yellow gown. She is more beautiful than all the queens in the world. Have you seen her—have you seen her? Tell me quickly."

"No, sir," said Martha, her eyes and mouth wide open. "I haven't seen no queens or anything o' that sort; but here's Alf, who's always seeing what other people can't—maybe he can help you, sir."

Alf was the Gaffer's second son, a thin lad with a pointed nose, who wrote songs in a hayloft at night by the light of a tallow candle. Now he blushed and looked down when the Pedlar turned to him. He had bought a pretty, curious little dream like a coloured stone when the Pedlar passed that way before, and this he always carried in his waistcoat pocket, because it kept his heart warm. When he heard about the dream it seemed to burn right through his skin and set his heart on fire. "No, he had not seen her, but might he come a-hunting of her, too?"

"Why, come along," said the Pedlar; "but there's no time to lose"—and he whirled out and down the village.

They stopped at many houses, but no one had seen the dream. Most of the young men in the place joined them, for they thought it a great game. The Pedlar paid no attention to any of them. On he tore. He might have been racing the wind; they could hardly keep up with him. Over ploughed fields he went, and through woods and across streams. The others laughed and joked together, but Alf was silent, for he was thinking hard about the dream. They came at nightfall to an inn which stood on the edge of a ravine, by the side of a desolate hill track. It seemed to be one with the boulders of scattered rock among which it stood. It was all twists and corners and odd angles, with tiny windows winking through great overhanging creepers, and roofs which jutted into all manner of shapes. Some parts might have been built a million years ago, others the day before yesterday. The wind howled as they stopped at the door, and the sign-board—an authentic portrait of the Man in the Moon—creaked overhead. An old man opened to them. He was so bent he might have been walking on all fours, and his beard swept the ground. He and the Pedlar seemed great friends. "Come in, come in," he chuckled, winking tremulously with one huge eyelid. "It's a long time since you passed this way. Well, you're welcome, I'm sure, you and the young gentlemen."

They followed the old Innkeeper into a low dining-hall, so long you couldn't see the end of it, and here the Pedlar told what he was after.

"Bless my soul, now!" exclaimed the old man, "if just such a young lady wasn't here last night! Now I've kept this inn for the last five thousand years or so, and never did I see a prettier lady. Why, all the folk what was staying here left when she did this morning, trying to get hold of her—an Emperor among them, too—but they won't catch up with her, that they won't!"

"Good!" said the Pedlar. "Then I must be off before sun-dawn to-morrow." And he whistled like the wind in the keyhole.

They all sat down, the others noisy and laughing, but Alf looked round him with eyes half dazed. It was a strange room. Great windows stretched from roof to floor on one side, and these were hung with heavy curtains, behind which the wind murmured and rustled, and caught its breath in such a way you were sure it was eavesdropping. On the other side hung a row of empty picture frames; but as you looked you saw them fill with pictures, which went and came and changed and flickered like reflections in water. The rest were too tired and hungry to notice anything, but ate and drank without raising their eyes. Alf and the Pedlar alone ate nothing. The Pedlar was talking. Alf sat in a half dream watching the pictures which came and went, and the Pedlar's voice seemed to weave itself into the emptiness of the frames and become pictures. He spoke to no one in particular, but to Alf it seemed he spoke to him alone. His voice was like rain falling or fire crackling or the whirring of seagulls' wings. He spoke of all his adventures since the beginning of the world, when dreams were like flints from which you could yet strike fire, and how he had been the first to sell them to men. Then he spoke of his lost Dream, and the pictures seemed to overflow from the frames and fill the room with the colours of flame and peacocks' wings. But the Pedlar's voice when he spoke of his Dream and the things he said were so wonderful that at last Alf could not endure to listen any longer, but shut his eyes for relief. Then he seemed to sink slowly through a sea of scent and colour, and at the bottom sat the Dream waiting for him. But instead of reaching her he had fallen fast asleep, and when he woke he was in the same room, but it was broad daylight and he was alone.

He was looking about him, still very dazed, when the old Innkeeper came hobbling up. He put his arms akimbo and laughed weakly.

"Lord! what a chap that is now!" he exclaimed. "Five thousand four hundred years have I known him, and bless me if he could ever stop still for ten minutes together. If he didn't start at three o'clock this morning a-hunting after that there pretty young dream lady of his. The others went with him, but you was so sound asleep you didn't hear him go, and he wouldn't bother about waking you. Dearie me! he was off in such a hurry, he never gave me any time to buy a dream for my wife's birthday. I gets her a new one every year—they're dear, but they keeps her happy. And now, sir, what can I get you for breakfast?" he ended, with a complete change of tone. "The dodos have been laying pretty well of late. Would you like a nice egg with a small slice of cold mastodon? A very good dish, if I may say so, sir."

But Alf was too concerned at missing the Pedlar to think about breakfast. He could think of nothing but the dream, and he seemed to be moving in a cloud of golden dust. So as quickly as possible he was out of doors. Oh! the sunshine! It was late spring, and everything was golden. Alf stepped out on to a path so thick with primroses no grass could be seen between, and on either side were banks of daffodils and wood anemones. The old man looked down the path, and nodded. "That's her doing," he said. "It was bare rock yesterday. Off with you, then; but you'll find her a handful, and no mistake!" Alf stepped out among the primroses, and he felt as though songs were oozing out of every corner of his heart; but he couldn't sing them, for he knew no words happy enough. He waved good-bye to the old man and followed the path, which wound up and up, while the trees grew thicker on each side and the birds sang more merrily. At last he found himself in the middle of a little wood where a stream wandered about among the primroses, and here he stopped to rest, for happiness had made him tired.

He sat and dreamed and smiled to himself, while the sun shone and the birds sang and sang. How many hours passed he did not know, for he had lost all sense of time and his heart was melting away in a golden mist. He was startled suddenly by an acorn dropping on his head. He looked up, then he turned white and giddy. Nestling in a branch of the oak tree above him was a creature who looked as though she had been made of film on film of gossamer. Her small gold wings, folded under her, peeped over one shoulder. Her hair floated round her, soft and fine like gold dust. Her eyes were the brightest, most mischievous imaginable.

Altogether she was so lovely that she made you think of everything you liked best all at once. Alf knew this must be the Dream. So no wonder he gasped and turned pale. She looked at him merrily. "Do you know who I am?" she said, and her voice was like the sunlight turned to words. Alf stretched out his arms towards her.

"Oh!" he said, "come down, beautiful Dream, for I have been looking for you all my life," which was not quite true, but seemed so as he spoke.

"Everyone speaks like that to me," said the Dream. "But why should I come down? I hope I am old enough to do as I like. I am millions and millions of years old, and every day I get more beautiful. I was dreamt first of all by a young King in a garden where all the fruit was hardened flame and the flowers sang like birds, but he died from sorrow at having to wake. That was how my life began. Since then whole nations have loved me and tried to capture me, but the Pedlar was one of the few I ever went to of my own accord. He understands dreams. However, I soon got tired of him, and then he tried to tie my wings. Now, that was not the way to treat me. But I escaped, all the same, and he will never have another chance. Where do you come from?" she ended, abruptly.

"I am Gaffer Girdle's second son," said Alf, trembling, "and the others laugh at me because my nose is too long and because I cannot ride a horse. But I make songs in the hayloft at night, and now I shall do nothing else for the rest of my life, and they shall all be about you." He blushed violently to the roots of his hair.

"I don't mind your nose," said the Dream, critically, "but I think I'd rather you didn't make songs about me—until I know what they're like, that is to say. You may sing one now, only let it be very short, because I hate to listen when I might be talking. Go on!"

All the songs which had been oozing out of Alf's heart suddenly rushed like a cloud of sparks to his lips—but somehow by the time they got there all the fire had died out of them. The song sounded so foolish that Alf could only stop, stammering and feeling very much ashamed of himself.

"That is not very good, is it?" said the Dream when he had done. "I don't think you had better sing any more." Then, as she saw two tears he could not control rolling down Alf's cheeks: "But I daresay you will do better when you have known me a little longer. Most of the best songs of the world have been written about me." She smiled, shut her eyes and appeared to forget all about him.

"Oh! come down—come down and teach me to sing," implored Alf, desperately.

"You wouldn't like it if I did," said the Dream, without looking at him.

"I would give my life if you would only come," persisted Alf.

"You don't know what you are asking for," said the Dream, now sitting bolt upright. "Remember, I am not an ordinary dream—if I come I shall not spare you, and it may kill you. Lots of people have died on my account already. You had much better go back to your hayloft and make songs from time to time when you feel inclined."

But Alf would not be pacified, and at last the Dream gave way. "Well, it's your own risk," she said. She put one foot lightly on a branch and hopped down. Her wings shone and glistened in the sunlight. She looked like a rainbow. Alf said, "Oh!" and then was dumb.

So the Dream started to teach Alf to make songs. She passed her hand over his forehead, and at once it seemed to him as though all the sorrow of the world was folding him round. He swayed from side to side. "That is what Menelaus felt when Helen left him," she said. "You should be able to make a song about that. It is not everyone who has the opportunity of feeling these things." But though he suffered he could not sing.

So it went on for several days. The Dream would fill him with grief or joy much stronger than he was able to endure. She would flash all the glory of the world in front of him until he reeled; she would lift his thoughts above the clouds, and suddenly seem to drop them into the lowest depths of the sea. Still no song came. At last he could bear it no longer. "Stop," he cried, "for you are too powerful for me."

"But no," cried the Dream, "this is only the beginning. I have made up my mind—you shall sing in time."

"Then I shall die," said Alf, and he shut his eyes.

He seemed to lose consciousness for a short time, and then at once he had the sensation of being set free, and, opening them again, he saw the Dream in front of him imprisoned in a golden net, and the Pedlar standing over her triumphant.

"So," the Pedlar was saying. "I have caught you at last. Now, will you stay with me, or must I clip your wings?"

The Dream stamped, impatiently. "I will stay with you forever and ever," she said; "that is if you do not try to keep me against my will. I am tired to death of young men with long noses who want to sing songs and can't. You, at least, understand dreams. But you must never talk of clipping my wings, or I shall go at once. Now take this net off me."

"Very well," said the Pedlar. Then he turned to Alf. "How do you like your experience of a real Dream?" he asked, rather grimly. "There are not many who can live with such a one as this. Would you like a few days more with her or will you go home?"

"I will go home," said Alf, and he walked off very crestfallen.

So the Dream was found, and she stayed with the Pedlar, who understood now how to manage her, quite happily, for fifteen years. They lived in a palace in a remote part of fairy-land, where the Pedlar became a King and held a Court every year, when one or two privileged poets came to present their best dreams to him. Alf went home and spent three days and three nights in writing down all that had happened to him. After that he learnt to ride properly, became a useful and respected member of his family, and never wrote another song as long as he lived. However, when he died someone found all he had written about the Dream hidden away in the hayloft, and it was all so beautiful that no one talked of anything else for a whole month afterwards. His house was bought by the nation and all his grandchildren were knighted. So there is some profit in being tormented by a dream, after all!

HOW THE FRENCH PEASANT COOKS.

ALTHOUGH there are parts in France that are richer than others, the nature of the French peasant is the same throughout the land. He may be rearing poultry, he may have one or more cows, eggs by the score, milk and butter, but none of these things serve to feed him. He sells them all and feeds on the produce of his garden and the humble pig, with the addition of macaroni and maize flour, the only articles he buys. In the frugal, yet nutritious way he lives, he puts by more or less money every year in the traditional stocking, and is able to give his daughters a small dowry on their marriage.

A family feeds, year in year out, in about the same manner from north to south. In January or December a pig is killed weighing about three hundred pounds. This pig is the foundation of the evening and early morning meals. It provides a family of six with the fat for their cooking, their sausages, black puddings and substantial food generally. The animal is cut in two, salted, and sometimes smoked as in other countries. The fat is melted, and when the sausages are made they are buried in large earthen vases covered with this fat, which keeps them fresh throughout the year. The black puddings here—like everywhere else—made with the blood of the animal, must be eaten at once. It is only three times a year that the French peasant buys butcher's meat—at Christmas, at Easter and at the annual fête of the patron saint of the village.

We who live in towns know that eggs are nutritious, but the peasant does not hold these views. He would smile were he told that a couple of eggs are considered equal in nourishment to half a pound of meat. He has never heard of this and does not wish to learn. He is satisfied to live as his father has lived; to sell his eggs at ninepence a dozen, and buy a couple of pounds of macaroni for sixpence that will supply two meals. A dozen

eggs would mean but two apiece, and cost more and be less satisfying than macaroni.

To give an idea of the day's food I must start with the evening meal, which *invariably* consists of soup made in sufficiently large quantities to provide the breakfast the next morning. This soup is made of the vegetables in season: in winter, of potatoes, carrots, turnips, onions and cabbage; in summer, of peas, beans, lettuces and whatever may be growing. Into the big earthen pot full of boiling water the vegetables are thrown, after having been washed and peeled and cut according to their size. To flavour the soup salt and pepper are added, and about half a pound of bacon. This boils until the vegetables are cooked. They are then removed with the bacon to a dish. The remaining broth, which has a strong flavour, is eaten with bread cut in pieces and thrown into it. The vegetables in a mass are eaten afterwards with a slice of the bacon. Then follows bread and cheese and the meal is finished.

On the following morning the soup (the water wherein the vegetables and bacon have been cooked) is heated again and consumed with bread soaked in it, as the early breakfast. Cheese always follows. The peasant eats cheese three times a day. At mid-day the repast—the principal one of the day—consists of macaroni or polenta made with maize flour, potatoes boiled in their skins, and the invariable cheese to follow. On alternate days the macaroni and the polenta are varied with a dish of vegetables, such as cabbages, carrots, turnips, parsnips or onions.

The cooking of these vegetables is very simple, but they are not plainly boiled in water as in England, for the French peasant would not touch them if they were not seasoned to his taste. Cabbages, for instance, are washed and cut in four or more pieces and thrown into boiling water. When they are

sufficiently cooked, a small piece of fat bacon—wherein there is an infinitesimal streak of lean—is cut into cubes and placed with an onion in a pan upon the fire to brown; the cabbage is then taken out of the water, strained, cut in smaller pieces, and added. The pan is then covered, and the cabbage cooks gently for another half-an-hour.

Carrots and turnips are treated in the same manner, but parsnips are prepared in a special way. These are peeled and cut in pieces. A spoonful of lard is put into a saucepan, a couple of spoonfuls of flour stirred into it upon the fire, and a pint of water, salt and pepper added. Into this the raw parsnips are thrown, the saucepan is covered, and the vegetable cooked until tender. When ready to be eaten the contents of the saucepan are turned on to a dish, and the parsnips are sometimes eaten with a little grated cheese strewn upon them.

Polenta they make with about three pints of water to a pound of maize flour. The water is boiled, and the flour shaken into the saucepan and turned constantly with a wooden spoon for half-an-hour. The contents are then thrown out upon a slab and cut with string. Polenta is eaten, with a little fresh butter, generally on Friday, the day on which the French peasant eats neither meat nor fat. In some parts of the country macaroni and polenta are served together.

A word on how the peasants cook their macaroni may not be out of place. A saucepan of water is put upon the fire with a handful of salt. When the water boils the macaroni is broken in pieces about a finger long and thrown into it. In twenty minutes it is cooked, strained, and poured upon a dish. In the meanwhile a lump of butter is placed in a pan and allowed to brown until almost black, and then thrown over the macaroni.

Dried vegetables vary the repasts. White beans, peas and lentils are gathered at the end of the summer and consumed during the winter. They are made into soups with the addition of sausages or bacon, and the water wherein they have been cooked is thickened with a small portion of the vegetable passed through a sieve and eaten with bread, as in the soup made of fresh vegetables. It is essential, however, to steep the dried beans, lentils or peas in cold water for twelve hours before boiling

them. Soups, as will be seen, are the staple food, yet every day brings its variety according to the vegetables in season. But cabbages, carrots and turnips are preserved the whole year round. The cabbages particularly are picturesque in their state of preservation. They are cut, turned topsy-turvy to allow the water to run off and then are made into a huge heap that takes the shape of the pointed haystack common to France. A bed of straw, a bed of cabbages, another of straw, another of cabbages and so on until the stock is exhausted. The top is covered with straw and tied in a sheath. Carrots and turnips are buried in a hole in the earth, covered with a plank and straw and re-covered with earth. A hole is left on one side large enough for the passing of a woman's hand, through which the quantity for the daily use is taken. With this system the vegetables remain as fresh as on the day they were plucked.

On state occasions, when an extra dish gratifies the peasant and his family, potato pancakes and pigs' kidneys constitute a feast. But while potato pancakes can be made at any time of the year, whenever the wife feels amiably disposed, the kidneys must be eaten fresh—that is, at the time the animal is killed. In December and January, therefore, in every peasant household throughout the country a dish of pigs' kidneys appears on the table. These kidneys are cut in halves in their length. A piece of butter is put in a pan upon the fire. When the butter steams the kidneys are placed therein, salted and peppered on both sides and, when brown, covered with the lid of the pan and left to finish cooking for half-an-hour. When the lid is removed the kidneys will be swimming "in their own gravy."

For the potato pancakes a couple of pounds of potatoes are peeled and rubbed through a nutmeg-grater into a bowl. Two eggs and a tablespoonful of flour are added. This mixture is very thick, and is cooked like any ordinary pancake in a frying-pan of a small or large size. A little fat or butter is heated, and sufficient of the paste is poured into the pan to cover the bottom. As these potato pancakes are very thick, they must be well browned on each side. The peasant salts and peppers them. The sweet pancake is made with a pound of flour, two



M. Emil Frechon.

FOR POTATO PANCAKES.

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eggs and a little water, and sugar is used instead of salt as a seasoning when cooked. It may seem strange that soup holds such an important place in the French peasant's daily food, but it must be remembered that he extracts all the nutriment

possible from the vegetables, not only eating them, but drinking the water in which they have cooked, thereby losing not a particle of the blood and bone giving properties they contain.

FRANCES KEYZER.

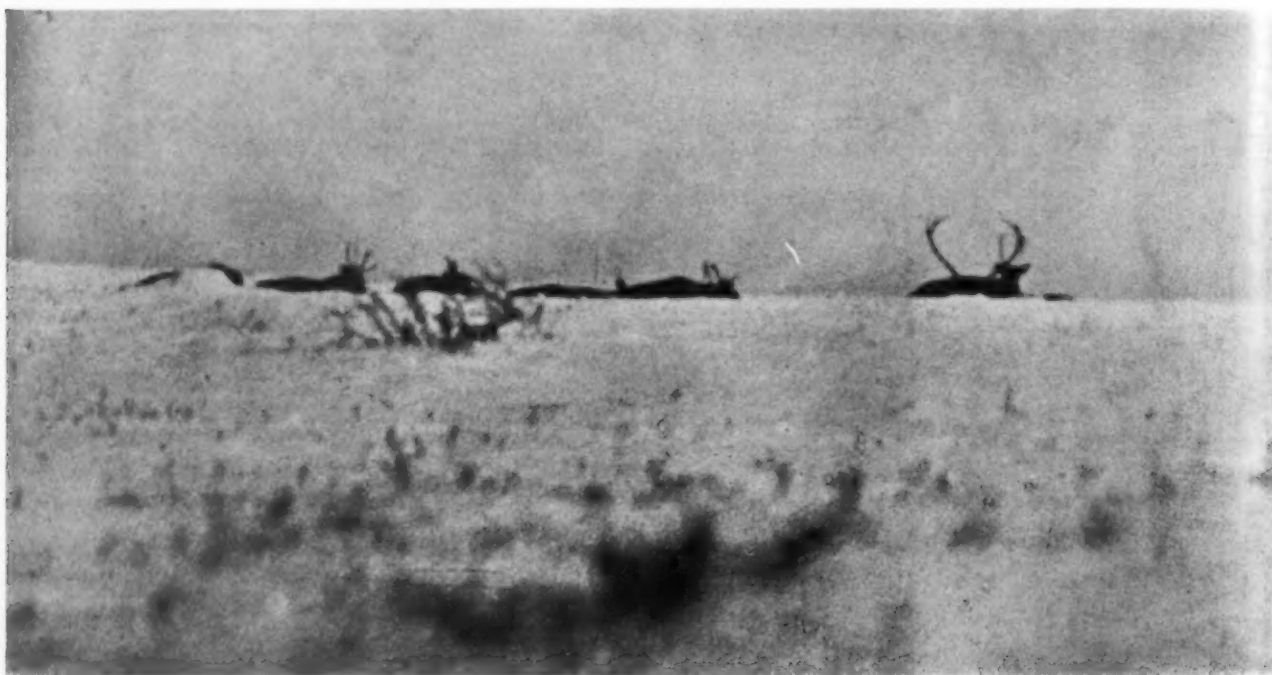
IN NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NO records have been kept of the few cross-country journeys from the Mackenzie to the Yukon which were successfully made at the beginning of the Klondyke rush. Men who started with no knowledge of the methods of Northern travel made these journeys in safety, but only from anxiety to reach the goldfields and taking little interest in the country through which they were travelling. There are men even now who spend their winters in trapping at the heads of the Stewart, the Macmillan and the Ross Rivers, close up against the western foothills of the Rocky Mountains; but they have not given us the story of their adventures. Indeed, the main range of the Rocky Mountains, a geographical feature known to every schoolboy as the backbone of the North American continent, is to this day almost absolutely unknown to the northward of the Peace River pass. It is rather taken for granted that we know all about this range, that we are familiar with its geological formation, its fauna and flora, whereas we really know nothing except by guesswork and by deductions drawn from conditions known to exist in the southern part of the same range. There are likely to be many important discoveries made by the

expeditions made purely for the sake of slaughter. But beyond the possible chance of a few species, there is nothing to be killed in these Northern regions that may not be obtained with much less time and trouble elsewhere, if the rapid collection of different specimens is the sportsman's sole aim.

The typical animal of the North throughout the whole breadth of Canada is without doubt the caribou, and its economic value to the scattered population can be easily recognised by reading the accounts of the overland journeys of Sir John Franklin and other early Arctic explorers, or the modern records and letter-books of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts of the Athabasca and Mackenzie River districts. The passage of the great herds of caribou is still the most important event of the year to the inhabitants of these isolated posts, as it represents the abundance or scarcity of provisions in a land too remote to be supplied with the products of civilisation.

The accompanying photographs were taken on a mountain top, rising from the plateau of the Pacific-Arctic watershed about the 58th parallel of North latitude at an elevation of some six thousand feet above sea-level. The caribou here shown are of the sub-species *Rangifer Osborni* of the American



CARIBOU LYING DOWN IN THE SNOW.

first party of properly-equipped naturalists which undertakes the systematic exploration of the Northern Rockies. Here lies the last big district in Canada in which the hunter-naturalist has a faint hope of coming across a really new species of Canadian animal of any size. The country is large enough and inaccessible enough to have kept such a secret till the present day. In any case, there is surely much of interest to be learnt concerning the animals with which we are familiar, as they gradually approach the Northern limit of their existence.

It is quite likely that the mountain sheep, which has been traced through all its gradations of colour from Mexico to Alaska, and sub-divided according to latitude, may afford one more sub-species before the Rocky Mountains die away into the Arctic tundra. Nobody can tell us how far towards the North the moose, the bear and the mountain goat are to be found in the main range; and as regards the small animals, the marmots and the various small rodents, there is still much information to be gathered. This is a most attractive field for exploration to any sportsman of means and energy who is not a mere hunter of heads, but a man who can reap more gratification from trophies which simply mark incidents during the accomplishment of useful pioneer work than he can ever derive from the contemplation of a fine collection of heads gathered in the course of

naturalists, the sub-species which attains the maximum growth of horn and body of all the caribou.

The first photograph shows the band lying down in the snow in the middle of a day in the first week of October, the height of the rutting season. No look-out was being kept, and we crawled up within a very short rifle-shot of the animals without being discovered. In fact, it took a good deal of whistling and grunting from the Indian who was with me before the caribou would take any interest in us at all, and then only two or three of the cows would get up and stretch themselves lazily, stare stupidly in our direction for a few minutes and lie down again, as shown in the second illustration. A good imitation of a wolf's howl from the Indian brought instant activity to the scene. Every animal was on its feet in a moment, and some young bulls which we had not noticed before came over the brow of the hill. The master of the herd became very busy with the rounding up of the cows which he had acquired in open combat, and any attempt to stray was rewarded by savage butting from what seemed to be a very fine pair of antlers. This grouping of the cows, as they appear in the third photograph, may have been intended as a protection from an attack by wolves, but more probably it was merely an act of jealousy prompted by the presence of the young bulls.

The old bull still took no notice of us, although we were sitting boldly up on the snow, and after a few minutes left the cows to drive away his rivals, who showed no desire to come to close quarters. Soon after this photograph was taken we noticed that the big bull had for the first time come clear of the band, and the time had arrived for the head-hunter to stain the snow

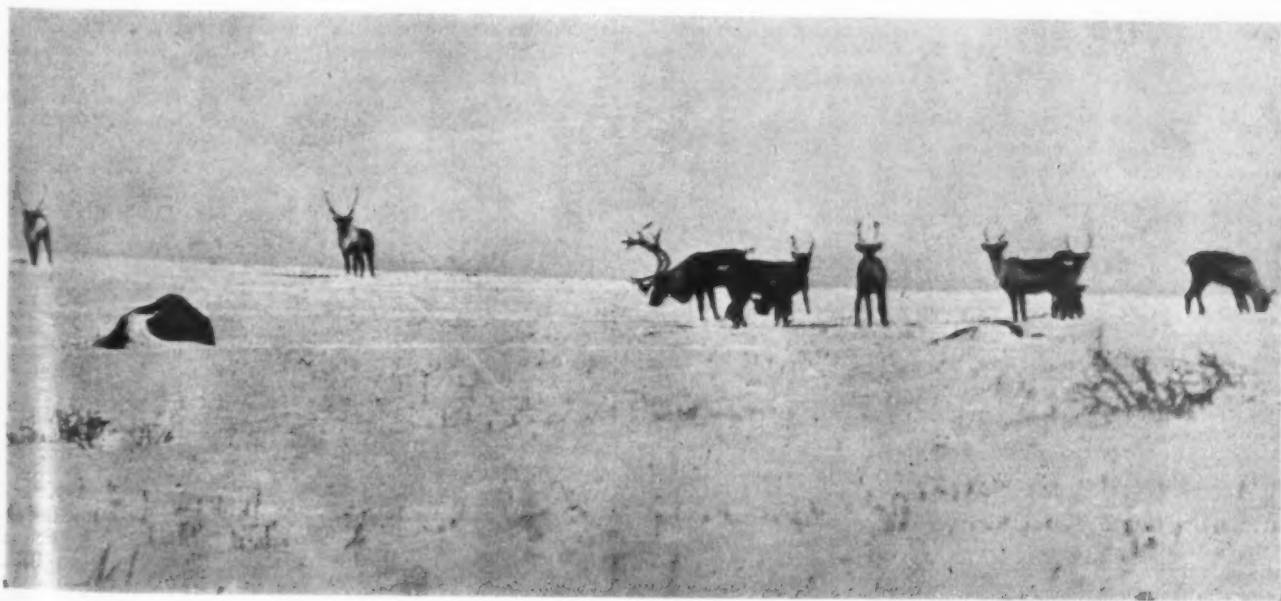
with the blood of his victim. It was a good open shot, not easily missed, and the head seemed to be big enough to form a welcome addition to any collection. However, on this occasion we had plenty of meat in our camp at the edge of the last timber, and, after all, a head never looks better than on an animal's shoulders. The caribou now began to move quietly away without the least



GETTING UP AND STRETCHING THEMSELVES.



THE MASTER OF THE HERD ROUNDING UP HIS COWS.



'WARE WOLF!



BEGINNING TO MOVE QUIETLY AWAY.

haste, still unaware that two representatives of their deadliest enemies had been sitting within a hundred yards of them for half-an-hour. They seemed simply conscious that some unfriendly influence had appeared on the lonely mountain to disturb their midday rest.

WARBURTON PIKE.

A GARHWALI SOLDIER IN LONDON.

IN the spring of 1909 I set out from India on an expedition through the heart of Asia to the Trans-Siberian Railway, with the object of big-game-shooting on the Pamirs and in the Thian Shan Mountains and Mongolia. In addition to my caravan I was accompanied by a Garhwali soldier, a rifleman from my regiment, who was the only man to complete the entire journey with me from start to finish, and he remained some time in England before his return to India. The following is a sketch of his experience.

It was midnight, twelve months after the start, during which we had crossed the "Roof of the World," and traversed Chinese Turkistan, Mongolia and Siberia, when the Berlin express ran into Flushing, where we left the train to proceed on board the boat for Queenborough, at daybreak arriving off Sheerness. Until we reached Flushing Giyani Sing had never seen the sea, and his admiration of such a vast expanse was unbounded, though at first he was decidedly sceptical as to its being "all water," as he expressed it. The examination at the Customs House, which followed the landing, proved somewhat of a puzzle to him, as he could not at first understand why I, on returning to my native land, should be subjected to an examination of my goods and chattels. Fortunately, the Customs officers passed them free of duty, so I was thus spared further explanations, which would doubtless have been required had I been possessed of any dutiable articles. On arrival at Victoria, dressed in Siberian cap and furs, he presented a curious sight to the Londoner, and was the cynosure of a large and highly interested crowd of spectators, whose astonishment at so unique a spectacle was perhaps not altogether unnatural. After the greetings were concluded, I took him into the refreshment-room, where he revelled in jam tarts, puffs and custards, remarking that he had never tasted such good things in his life. Soon after our arrival in the metropolis, when his uniform had been delivered by the tailors, I took him for the first of many excursions through London and its sights. Our departure by the tube railway produced much amusement, more particularly on entering the lift, which to Giyani's astonishment suddenly went from under us by, to him, some marvellous piece of conjuring on the part of the liftman, descending with the usual hum to the regions below. This was the underground "rail ghâri" about which I had told him, something that passed

his comprehension, since how was it possible, he said, to construct a railway under the ground? But it was indeed true, though when we gained the platform no train was visible, and where could it appear from? My answer to this was a request to him to listen and tell me what he heard. A muffled roar in the distance as though some weird fight was in progress was his response. A minute later and the train burst into the station, sparks flew from under the engine, conductors threw open wire-bound gates, passengers hurried on board, a bell clanged and the strange apparition disappeared into the tunnel like a rat into a pipe, as Giyani compared it, leaving him with a face the picture of amazement. We went on by the next train, and on reaching our destination it was amusing to watch the alacrity with which he alighted, since, he said, it went so fast and made but a lightning halt at stations that we might never succeed in getting off at all were we not unusually quick. The view from the top of a bus was a pleasing pastime with him, and he remarked to me that though the streets were full of innumerable carts and carriages, they never collided with each other, and the "ghâriwâlas" (drivers) did not indulge in heated arguments or family stories by the wayside as is the custom in the East. Of the City and Metropolitan police he was especially enamoured; their imposing appearance, and the manner in which they controlled the ceaseless stream of traffic, coupled with the way in which they stopped it at will to allow of people crossing the street, were a source of lasting admiration to him. One day he accompanied me to the offices of a certain well-known paper, and I left him in the waiting-room, which commanded a view of the Strand. When I returned half-an-hour later he was still looking intently into the street, and on my enquiring as to what he had observed he replied that since my absence he had seen literally thousands of people passing, but had never seen the same person twice. The post-offices furnished a striking example of the energy and resource of the English race as seen through Oriental eyes. The English are, indeed, a marvellous race, he said; the women run the post-offices, telegraphs and telephones, and should all the men be called away then the ladies will manage affairs equally well.

He never ceased to admire the taxicabs as they darted in and out of the traffic in crowded streets without so much as brushing each other, and the taxicab-drivers of London may be interested to note that they were voted "barâ châlâk" (very cute). While in London Giyani had the good fortune to see His late Majesty King Edward VII. as he passed down the Mall on the way to St. James' Palace to hold a Levée. To appreciate the full significance of this it must be understood that the Oriental regards the King in the light of a divine being, so that he considered it a piece of remarkable good fortune that he should be favoured with a view of the King of Great Britain and Emperor of India. As His Majesty passed in the State coach, escorted by a detachment of Life Guards, the little rifleman from the Himalayas stood stiffly at the salute, a striking

object-lesson to the crowds gathered along the roadway. During a visit to Portsmouth he was, through the kindness of the naval authorities, taken over the battleship Dreadnought and initiated into the marvels of a ship of war of the latest pattern from fighting tops to torpedo tubes, while he hugely enjoyed the twelve-inch guns with their eight hundred and fifty-pound shot, and the conning tower with its maze of electric buttons connecting with every part of the ship, by which all orders are transmitted in the heat of battle when the roar of gigantic guns renders any other means of communication impossible. He was also shown a scout cruiser, some submarines—then in dry dock—and a number of torpedo-boat destroyers, as well as the diving-tank where naval divers first receive their instruction. Fortunately the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert was alongside the quay, so an opportunity was afforded of seeing something of the fine ship kept for the especial use of the King, and Giyani's remark was that it was worthy of the great "Bádsáh" (King) who rules over so large an Empire.

One day we went to the Zoological Gardens and spent an instructive and highly interesting morning and afternoon there. He was much taken with the Polar bear, but could not quite understand his predilection for cold water, even though he came from Arctic regions, and said it reminded him of the yaks on the Pamirs (the "Roof of the World"), who usually prefer to break the ice and stand in the streams, with a howling wind in full swing and the thermometer at several degrees below zero. There is no accounting for taste, even among yaks and Polar bears. Seals and seals appealed strongly to him, so much so that he suggested we should embark on a seal-hunting expedition, since such fine skins would assuredly fetch many rupees. We also went to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where he was able to see everything from a whale to a humming-bird. That part of this fine collection which most astonished him was the display of British birds and their nests, each in its own glass case, which delighted him beyond measure. We spent some time in the Whale Room, as Giyani admired a fish that could accommodate a score of men within its interior. He enquired as to the quantity of its daily food supply when at large in the seas, a question which proved somewhat of a poser, but I replied that it existed mostly on small fishes, which it swept by shoals into its mouth, though this explanation was hardly regarded as satisfactory, since he could not understand how a creature of such enormous dimensions could ever find sufficient "khana" (food) for its needs. Leaving the whale, we inspected the collection of insects, butterflies and moths, and then proceeded to the Museum restaurant to

lunch, for Giyani was ever a famous trencherman, and should have lived in the days of Falstaff. I often took him for walks through the streets of the City and West End, as he was fond of watching the bustle and particularly the energy displayed by the people, who, he remarked, always had a tremendous business air and moved about as though they were in for a race.

It would be impossible within the space at my disposal to enumerate all the many sights we witnessed in common and the exclamations of wonder and astonishment evoked thereby; but enough has been said to show how the marvels of civilisation strike the Oriental imagination, and how they view with feelings akin to awe and amazement what are to us affairs of everyday life. Giyani Sing spent six weeks in England, at the close of which he embarked for India to rejoin his regiment in the far-distant Himalayas, there to tell the story of his adventures in many lands and the marvels he had witnessed in England, but of which, he added with a smile, "not half will be believed."

P. T. ETHERTON.

THE HAPPIEST GARDENER.

IT has often seemed to me that the redbreast must be the happiest of all the bird inmates of the garden, because, by the boldness of his temperament, he is saved from much of the worry that other birds suffer. A great deal of the redbreasts' energy is spent in obedience to their suspicions. Some of



J. H. Symonds.

FULL OF CURIOSITY.

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them appear to think that you cannot throw a handful of crumbs on to the lawn without some fell intent to deceive; but Robin takes his food when it is offered, without asking any questions for conscience sake. He is also an omnivorous feeder, or, at any

rate, he eats everything except what is useful to man. There is no other little person more useful. In the winter he fights the tits for a share of the marrow-bone, but that he uses only as a substitute for the insects consumed during the summer months. He greedily devours crumbs, but probably prefers the seeds of certain weeds. In these days it is not safe to dogmatise about a bird's food; but the robin seems fonder of insects than anything else. One sometimes wishes that he would curb his desire to chase the most beautiful of the butterflies.

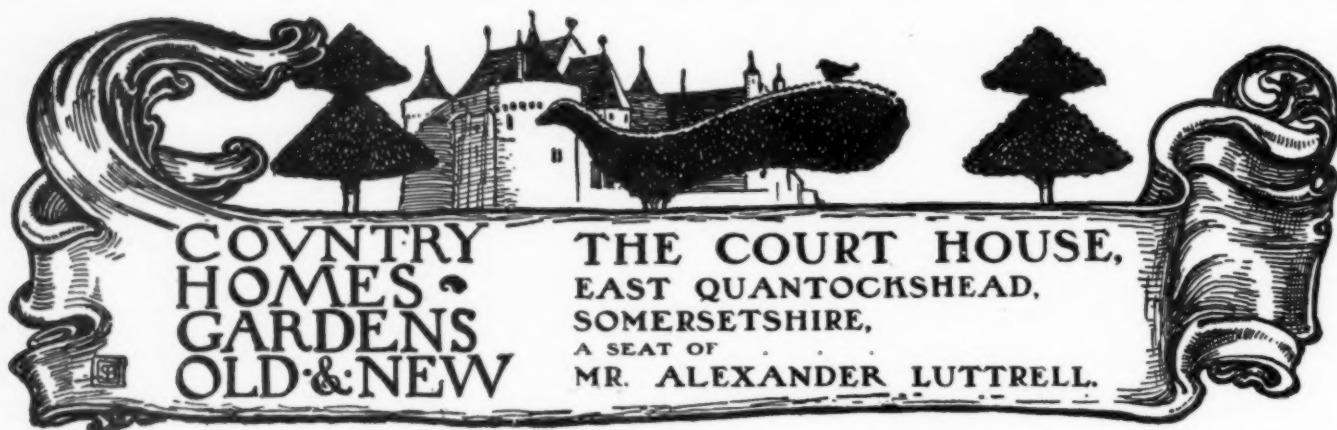
He is full of curiosity, a great explorer of kitchens, bedrooms, sheds and other places to which access can be obtained. If a snare of any kind is set in the garden, he is the first to fall into it, because of his gentlemanly absence of doubt as to the motives of human beings. If he has a garden of responsible dimensions to attend to during the summer, he does not even go away to nest, but constructs his house in a grassy bank or any odd nook where he is not too closely observed. Not that he minds a gallery much; he and his little brown mate will sit on undisturbed by the presence of a visitor, unless the latter shows more aggressiveness than he ought to. P.



J. H. Symonds.

"SAUCY, BOLD ROBIN."

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FROM the way in which the writers of English historical romance set high-born heroes on lands which have nourished their families since the Norman Conquest, it might be supposed that such long continuing in one ownership is no unusual thing. Actually it is rare; even when, as with the Somersetshire Luttrells, the estate has passed twice through a woman. Though they have been Luttrells of Dunster since 1404, and that historic castle is still their chief seat, they became Luttrells of East Quantockshead nearly two centuries earlier, Geoffrey of that name having married an heiress, Frethesant Paynell or Paganel. Some time before 1085 this manor had fallen into the hands of Ralph Paganel, a Norman, whose great-granddaughter was the delightfully-named Frethesant. From early in the thirteenth until the middle of the eighteenth century the manor passed through male heirs, and when they failed and Margaret Luttrell married Henry Fownes in 1747, he took his wife's name. Their descendant, the thirty-fourth owner since Ralph Paganel, and heir of the Domesday tenant, holds East Quantockshead to-day. Where there is so great a wealth of history of so long a line on which to draw, it is necessary to limit reference to those Luttrells who have been more intimately connected with East Quantockshead either by living there or by the mark they have left on the fabric of the manor house. The continuity of ownership is, however, too unusual

to be passed over, and the holders of the manor are therefore set out in brief, each with his or her date and, in parentheses, relationship to the previous holder:

1. Ralph Paganel, flourished 1086—1100.
2. William Paganel or Paynell (son), fl. 1131.
3. Alice (daughter), dead in 1182.
4. Avice of Gaunt (daughter), married in 1182.
5. Maurice of Gaunt (son), died 1230.
6. Andrew Luttrell (cousin), died 1265.
7. Alexander (second son), died c. 1272.
8. Andrew (eldest son), c. 1252—1255.
9. Alexander (eldest son), c. 1285—1354.
10. Thomas (eldest son), born about 1324.
11. John (only son), c. 1366—1403.
12. Hugh (cousin), c. 1365—1428. Descended from John, second son of Andrew, eighth in this list. His mother bought Dunster from the Mohuns.
13. John (son), c. 1394—1430.
14. James (son), c. 1426—1461.
15. Hugh (son), c. 1450—1521.
16. Andrew (son), c. 1498—1538.
17. John (son), 1519—1551.
18. Thomas (brother), 1525—1571.
19. George (son), 1560—1629.
20. Thomas (son), 1584—1644.
21. George (son), 1625—1655.
22. Francis (brother), 1628—1666.
23. Thomas (son), 1657—1670.
24. Francis (brother), 1659—1690.
25. Tregonwell (son), 1683—1703.
26. Alexander (uncle), 1663—1711.
27. Alexander (son), 1705—1737.
28. Margaret (daughter), 1726—1766, married Henry Fownes, who survived his wife and took the name of
29. Henry Fownes Luttrell, dying in 1780.
30. John Fownes Luttrell (son), 1752—1816.
31. John F. the younger (son), 1787—1857.
32. Henry F. (brother), 1790—1867.
33. George F. (nephew), 1826—1910.
34. Alexander F. (son), 1855.



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THE CHURCH AND COURT HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The house of the manor is now called the Court House, no doubt from the holding of manorial courts there. Of its first building there seems to be no record, but doubtless it came first into importance about 1250, when Andrew Luttrell made over East Quantockshead to his third son, Alexander. At the same time he granted to his eldest son, Geoffrey, the manor of Irnham in Lincolnshire. By this act the senior branch of the family became established out of Somersetshire, and lasted at Irnham until 1419, when another Sir Geoffrey died

Maxwell Lyte's *History of Dunster*, a pattern family history dealing with all the Luttrells, for which all interested in antiquarian research must be grateful. This record suggests that the Manor House was then a considerable building. Owing to the minority of the next Luttrell, Andrew, and to various legal proceedings during the tenure of his son, Alexander, no further building seems to have been done; and Alexander's grandson, John, was the last Luttrell of East Quantockshead in the direct line. Though John's will makes provision for "four of his



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GEORGE LUTTRELL'S PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

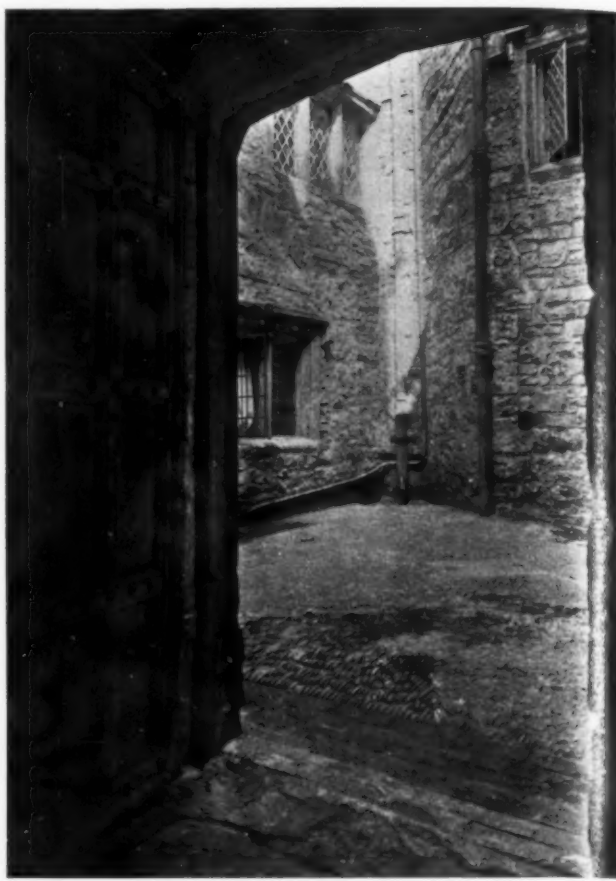
leaving no son, and the main Luttrell line became merged in the families of Arundell of Wardour and Clifford of Chudleigh.

That Alexander had a home of some importance is clear from the fact that when he died, in 1272, his widow "received by way of dower a stone-roofed house opposite to the hall of her late husband's manor of East Quantockshead, another small house similarly roofed, two cowhouses, a chamber over the gate, an old garden adjoining the houses" and other pleasant things set out in the King's writ. So much is quoted from Sir H. C.

servant maids and certain children they were mothers of" there was no issue of his marriage. He therefore bequeathed East Quantockshead to his cousin, Sir Hugh, whose mother, Lady Elizabeth, a lady of most illustrious lineage, had bought from the Mohuns Dunster Castle, henceforward to be the chief seat of the Luttrells. Sir Hugh entered on his inheritance of East Quantockshead in 1403. From that time the Manor House seems to have been used mainly as a dower house or as a residence for the head of the family when Dunster Castle was, for



FROM THE NORTH-EAST.



LOOKING INTO THE COCK COURT.



Copyright.

FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

one reason or another, inconvenient. For example, Sir Hugh's widow had it assigned to her by way of dower, but she preferred to draw instead a hundred pounds a year out of her husband's estates. From 1461 to 1485, however, no Luttrell enjoyed any of the Somersetshire property.

Ever since the days of the Gaunts, with whom they were

violence, horrible and unmanly tyrannye" had murdered him. High treason of this sort brought forfeit of land and goods. Death had saved Sir James from suffering in his person, but the estates were confiscated and granted to Lord Herbert, later made Earl of Pembroke. Lady Luttrell, the widow, had enough influence to secure the income of East Quantockshead and



Copyright.

THE HALL MANTEL-PIECE DATED 1629.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

connected through the Paynells, original holders of East Quantockshead, the family had been Lancastrian to the bone. James Luttrell died of a wound received when fighting for Queen Margaret at the second battle of St. Albans in 1461. When Edward IV. came to the throne his revenge was swift. Luttrell had fought against the Duke of York at Wakefield and was named as rebel among those who "with grete despite and cruell

some other manors; and during that time her eldest son, Alexander, died in obscurity. When Henry VII. ascended the throne the Luttrell estates were given back to the second son of the attainted James, Sir Hugh; but meanwhile his mother had married again twice, and he had difficulty in disposing of her claims. A compromise was made whereby she retained East Quantockshead for her life; but she died in 1493, and thereafter



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM: CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.



IN THE NORTH BEDROOM: THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Sir Hugh lived there more than at Dunster, which had probably fallen into disrepair during the time of the Pembroke, and was, moreover, rather a fortress than a residence. Sir Hugh's revenues had doubtless suffered in the interval, and he seems to have thought it wiser to put his smaller house into good order first. Some considerable additions to East Quantockshead were done by him, and he was buried there. For second wife he had taken one Walthean, already twice a widow, and on her he settled East Quantockshead as jointure. Again a Luttrell widow was to give trouble to the heir, and when Sir Hugh died and Andrew succeeded there was no small bickering about the felling of trees on the manor. One of Andrew's servants, John Gay, complained to the King's Council that in 1521, Lewis Griffyth, Dame Walthean's representative there, with several other evil-disposed persons, assaulted him at East Quantockshead, and shot eleven arrows at him (note the accuracy) which "grevously strake hym in dyvers places of hys body"—and more to the same effect. Griffyth's story of the fight says that he was knocked down by a forest bill and "fetered" in a porter's lodge. However, no more seems to have come of it, and eventually Sir Andrew lived at East Quantockshead and died there. His widow in turn had the house in dower, and indeed her son, John, the reigning Luttrell from 1538 to 1551, had little use for it, for most of his life was spent at the wars. Edinburgh, Boulogne, the Battle of Pinkie, the Island of Inchcolm in the Forth and Broughty Craig were in turn the scenes of Sir John's exploits; but tempting as is the story of this splendid fighter, it concerns him rather as Lord of Dunster than as the owner of the smaller manor, and we must forbear.

Sir John died without male issue, and the estates fell to his brother, Thomas, who married his cousin during Edward VI.'s reign. Queen Mary's accession brought stricter interpretations of the Table of Affinity, and a second form of marriage had to be faced to comply with a solemn document issued by the Papal Penitentiary. However, no action was taken on the dispensation therein granted, and the second wedding did not take place for nearly two years, until a few days after Elizabeth had ascended the throne, by which time it would be thought such action was unnecessary. The fact that an heir was born the month after was perhaps the determining factor; the parents would be anxious that no doubt should be cast on his legitimacy. Thomas seems to have been wholly a Dunster man, but his son, George, while he turned part of the castle into a Jacobean house, was no less strenuous in altering the house at East Quantockshead. Evidently he had a passion for bricks and mortar, for he built the Market House at Dunster, altered the house there which is now the Luttrell Arms Hotel, renovated his house at Marshwood for his married son, and built a pier at Minehead. His marriage was an odd one. His grandmother and one Stewkley, a lawyer, who was his guardian, had long been at loggerheads. Stewkley gave his ward the choice of marrying either of his daughters, and he became betrothed to the younger one, Joan, being then himself of the ripe age of fifteen. He seems to have been keen on the match a year later, and regarded it sensibly enough as a way to stop the family squabbles. Both the old grandmother and his stepfather raged, and a friend who wanted George to marry his daughter had no doubt that Joan Stewkley was a "slutte and that she had no good qualities." However, the grandmother died opportunely and the marriage took place two months later.

In 1621 Joan died, and George Luttrell's second excursion into matrimony was an unhappy one, but important for our purposes, because the alterations at East Quantockshead were done for the second wife's benefit. She was "an obscure person," Silvestra, the daughter of a man not euphoniously named Capps. No doubt

the match was unpopular with George Luttrell's family. He was then sixty-two years old, and his first wife had given him twelve children, the youngest of them being twenty-two when George married Silvestra Capps. She evidently meant to have a comfortable dower house and the lead pipe-head to the right of the porch bears her initials as well as her husband's and the date 1628. After George Luttrell was buried with his fathers at Dunster in 1629, the widow married Sir Edmund Skory, but she survived him too. Skory paid dearly for his enjoyment of the Luttrell home, and did not hesitate to express himself in his will, bequeathing "twenty shillings to Giles Baker, my servant, who hath lived under the tyranny of my wife, to the danger of his life, during the space of two years." But there is worse to come, as is revealed by his bequeathing "to Dame Silvestre Skory, my wife, whom I hartely forgive all her wicked attempts against mee, a praiser booke called *The Practice of Piety*, desiring that she better love and affect the same than hitherto she hath done."

Silvestra was naturally irritated at this post-mortem essay in frankness, which perhaps Skory feared to express in life, and tried to prove that he was of unsound mind, but in vain. It is not surprising to find that Thomas Luttrell, who succeeded his father, George, did not regard his stepmother with any affection, and brought an action against her for damage to his deer and timber at East Quantockshead. It is astonishing to find that when Skory died, the shrewish old lady found a third husband, whom she also took to the Court House. From her time on, the Court House lapsed into obscurity as a Luttrell home. Silvestra survived not only her stepson, but also his son, George, for she was still living there when the latter died in 1655. Henceforward we have no record of a Luttrell living there until recent years. A survey of 1746 mentions "the capital mansion-house with the barns stables courts gardens and orchards and the farm thereto belonging" as let to a tenant, but there is no record of when the deer park was turned into farmland. In 1888, two years after his marriage, Mr. Alexander Fownes Luttrell went to live there, but until then it had been let as a farm. Today he continues to make it his home, while Dunster Castle and East Quantockshead have changed their old relationship to the extent that the castle serves now as dower house for the widow of the late Mr. George Fownes Luttrell.

Having now dealt with those of the family who were closely connected with the Court House, we retrace our steps to consider the building itself.

Of the house already referred to as existing in 1272 it is unlikely that anything remains to-day except the tower at the south-east corner. Nor is it easy to judge exactly what the second Sir Hugh added after his reinstatement in the Luttrell properties in 1485. Indeed, as his mother was living at East Quantockshead until her death in 1493, it is probable that the new work was not done until the very end of the fifteenth century



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IN A BEDROOM: THE ASCENSION.

"C.L."



Copyright.

IN THE NURSERY: THE DEPOSITION.

"C.L."



BENCH-ENDS IN THE CHURCH.

story is complicated by the tradition that the cider cellar was "the old kitchen." If this be true, the lower hall and present kitchen were probably Sir Hugh's principal rooms.

Far greater were the changes in look and in convenience made by George Luttrell in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. He altered the whole plan of the house,

building the whole of the east front except its south corner. The hall with a large wing containing the withdrawing-room and the projecting porch were set against the old outer wall, clearly distinguished on the accompanying plan by its greater thickness. The fine oak staircase which still exists replaced the old circular stairs. These alterations and the preservation of so much of the old fortress-like house make the arrangement of the rooms untypical. The relationship of the kitchen and pantry to the present hall is so unusual that it can be explained only by the fact that George Luttrell, like a wise man, left as much of what he found as was compatible with convenience. It follows that the hall fireplace is in an old external wall, and that the windows in the latter were then built up, but it is difficult to say whether the wall itself is of Sir Hugh's building. There is still preserved a delightful map of the manor drawn in 1687 and showing the house. It proves that the tower



Copyright.

UPPER PART OF STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

stood then a storey higher, and this is confirmed by the present condition of the circular staircase. The open court, called the Cock Court, got its name from the cock-fighting which proceeded there. In the present pantry is a big cupboard with open slats in its door. Tradition says that it served to house prisoners, but perhaps it was only a rudely-ventilated larder. Upstairs off the first-floor landing is a passage room, once used as an oratory. When George Luttrell built his new wing at the east side he kept the floor several steps above the old level, and still further raised the dining end of the new hall by a dais.

The chief beauty of the Court House within is in the fine series of plaster overmantels. They are clearly the work of the craftsman who modelled others like them at the Castle and the Luttrell Arms Hotel, Dunster, and at Marshwood. The earliest at the Court House is dated 1614, and the plasterer was at work for George Luttrell until his death in 1629, the date on the hall mantel-piece. While the modelling is rude, after the local Jacobean manner, it has a marked vitality and shows considerable

invention, both in the grouping of the Biblical scenes and in the foliage, strapwork, armorial devices and caryatides of which the complete schemes are made up. It is worthy of note that the back of one fireplace opening is built up of slates on edge arranged in bands herring-bone fashion. In the free use of armorial devices the maker of mantel-pieces was following the earlier artist who carved the beautiful bench-ends in the adjoining church, one of which appears in an illustration. Geoffrey Luttrell in 1261 bore on one seal six martlets and four on another of 1269. In Edward II.'s reign the Luttrells of Irnham and East Quantockshead both bore on their shield the same devices, a bend between six martlets (shown clearly on the pew), but in different colours.

Altogether the Court House is a delightful example of the slow accretion of history in its stones. We leave it with the comfortable sense of continuity and the fair achievement of its long line of owners, won rather by local duties than in wider fields, but on that account no less claiming our interest and regard.

L. W.

IN THE GARDEN.



THE PERGOLA AT MONTE SAN MICHELE.

THE GARDENS AT MONTE SAN MICHELE, CAPRI.

BY LADY BLANCHE GORDON-LENNOX.

TO the vast majority of people who year by year visit Capri the island merely remains associated in their thoughts with an excursion to the Blue Grotto; but as I watch, from the Great Terrace at San Michele, the little steamer, fully a thousand feet beneath me, laden with tourists of all nationalities, plying her way back to Naples, a sense of peace once more descends upon the island. And surely nowhere can earth present a fairer scene. Far away on the western horizon, the dim outlines of the Ponza Islands are visible. Ischia, floating in the golden haze of the dying day, seems linked by Procida and Nisida to the mainland, and the eye travels slowly eastward over Posilippo and Naples to where Vesuvius, brooding and silent since the great catastrophe of five years ago, keeps watch over the city it has so often

threatened with destruction. Still further east, the distant peaks of the great Apennine Range appear almost to fringe the sunlit waters of the Bay of Sorrento, whose cliffs, dotted with pink and white walled houses, are dominated by the rugged mass of Sant' Angelo and the hills which guard Ravello and Salerno's gulf.

Well-nigh two thousand years have come and gone since Augustus Caesar, wearied by the splendours of Imperial Rome, first gazed on the matchless beauty of this scene; small wonder that the magic spell which Capri throughout the ages has cast upon the stranger within her gates should lose none of its potency till men's hearts shall cease to care for beauty. Since my garden first came into being, I have often analysed how imperious is this love of beauty, for, from a purely gardening point of view, no one would select a spot exposed to all the winds of heaven and bereft of water on a springless island. And yet Nature supplies the compensation in having provided such a background to the



THE TERRACE.

picture that she must continue to dominate it, making amends for the inevitable failures which the gardener is for ever encountering. And if the "growing" period is short in this sun-baked land, yet again it is prodigious in result while it lasts. Gardening in Italy teaches one of many lessons; namely, to avoid the temptation arising from the desire for quick effect—that of planting trees and shrubs too large in size; the smaller ones establish themselves and go ahead in half the time, making compact and sturdy growth, and also avoiding the necessity for unsightly staking. Six years ago the hill of San Michele was little more than a barren rock, clothed in parts with vineyards and olives. Approaching Capri from Naples, it is easily discernible as it rises midway between the precipitous cliffs at the eastern end and Monte Solaro, the highest summit of the island; this exposure to all points of the compass is being utilised to advantage, as the difference between the north and south aspect amounts to fully a fortnight in the flowering season.

The modest little house—originally the *Colono's*—lies at the base of the hill on the southern side. The vineyard which surrounded it has been cleared and a terrace and parterre substituted; here in the spring months Darwin and Cottage

tulips flaunt their painted faces in the sunshine; freesia, narcissi, ixias and sparaxis (for Capri is a bulb-soil *par excellence*); roses are rapidly covering the columns and wreathing the olive trees, all grafted on the Banksian rose, that boon to the gardener in the South. Beyond the parterre, in the lower garden, a long tank, flanked by cypresses on either side, holds the beautiful Nelumbium—the Lotus of Old Nile—speciosum roseum, rubrum, Shiroman and Osiris—a feast for the eye denied to the gardens of the North.

Will you come with me on a pilgrimage up the hill through the old Lemon Garden, where the trees, once perishing from neglect, but now well screened from their cruel enemy, the south wind, are bearing thousands of yellow fruit, and the air is laden

with the scent of blossom? As we ascend, each successive terrace holds its quota of bulbs and iris, under the silvery sheen of the olive trees, until we reach at length the rose garden, and here it is well to rest a while. The Southern Sea stretches below us, with the picturesque ruin of Castiglione in the middle distance. Against a background of tall bamboos, at our feet bloom the roses for which Capri (as Paestum was of old) is famed. What would have been the feelings of Virgil, could he have looked on



A SHELTERED CORNER.

the goodly array to which rosarians are now accustomed—Mme. A. Chatenay, the Lyon rose, Richmond, Betty, Marquise de Ganay, Mme. Leon Pain, in addition to all the older favourites, such as Anna Olivier, Mme. Ravary, Caroline Testout, to say nothing of pillars wreathing themselves with *Sinica Anemone*, *Tausendschön*, *L'Idéal* and the *Wichuraianas*! From the rose garden the circling of the hill commences; a broad path, planted on either side with flowering shrubs—*weigelas*, lilac, *syringa*, *deutzias*, pomegranates and guelder roses—leads to the vine-clad pergola, and as we leave it, at the farther end, the incomparable Bay of Naples greets the eye. All available ground on the hillside is being utilised for shrubs and plants, with wind breaks of *Cupressus macrocarpa* and *Pinus halepensis*, which grow at a surprising rate in this sandy soil. Here are to be found the flowering crabs, thorns and almonds, while Japanese maples and *Rosa rugosa* give a feast of colour in the foreground, interspersed with tenderer shrubs, such as *Fabiana imbricata*, *Medicago arborea*, *Loropetalum chinense* and the rarer varieties of *pittosporums* and acacias. But at length the long climb is ended and we emerge on the terrace, which is the glory of San Michele; hewn from the solid rock, on whose face the chisel-marks are everywhere visible, for centuries it has puzzled the archaeologist. For what purpose was this plateau, fifty feet in

been the reservoir of the island from which the twelve Imperial Villas drew their supply.

The hand of Time is dealing tenderly with my garden, and, in dreaming dreams for its future development, I recognise that here, at least, it is not only for posterity that a garden need be created. Where Nature has given of her best with such a bounteous hand, the lapse of time is scarcely heeded as it would be in a less favoured spot. Year follows year, bringing the planting more and more into harmony with the landscape, and emphasising the glorious beauty of it:

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius.
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum
Non omnis moriar.

Grand lines and ambitious ones to serve as an inspiration in the planning of this garden scheme, but they are graven on the rock of San Michele. Peradventure the dream may be fulfilled. Chi lo sa?

A DWARF WINTER-FLOWERING RHODODENDRON.

ALTHOUGH the tall-growing *Rhododendron nobleanum*, with its good-sized clusters of vermilion flowers that open from November onwards, is fairly well



THE PARTERRE FROM THE TERRACE AT MONTE SAN MICHELE.

breadth, which encircles the hill, constructed? Can it have formed part of the *Via Sacra* leading to the summit where the foundations have been excavated of what presumably was the only temple on the island, or was it perchance the playground of the Cæsars—for the chariot races of the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius that this colossal labour was undertaken?

A balustrade, surmounted at intervals by bronze vases, clear cut against the vast expanse of azure sea, forms the foreground to the unfinished sketch, while on either side groups of cypresses are already giving promise of what the completed picture may be in years to come. Were we to continue on our way, the vineyard lies beyond and the vines are an important asset, for the good red wine of San Michele is famed throughout South Italy; these terraced vineyards, moreover, hide the secret which has made gardening on so large a scale possible; beneath them are a series of immense vaulted chambers, hewn and cemented by Roman hands, and here the precious rainfall (the sole water supply of Capri) is stored, and gives colour to the supposition that San Michele may in those long-ago days have

known, there is a smaller member of the family which is frequently overlooked by those who appreciate winter flowers. This is named *Rhododendron*, or *Azalea dauricum*. The mild weather recently experienced has induced this charming little shrub to flower freely. The colour of the blossoms is a bright shade of rose mauve, and when contrasted, as they are this season, with the delicate green colour of the newly-opened leaves, they provide a bright and very pleasing feature in the shrubbery, woodland or rock garden. Although the plants, which grow from three feet to five feet high, are quite hardy, the flowers are often badly damaged by frost, and this has, no doubt, prevented many from planting it. There is now a deeper-coloured variety named *atrovirens*, which makes a pleasing companion to the type. Owing to their dwarf stature, both make excellent shrubs for prominent positions at the back of the rock garden, or they may be grouped together very effectively towards the front of the shrub border.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JANUARY FLOWERS.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that in the South-West of Ireland, where we have just started making a garden, having planted many thousands of bulbs this autumn, the following were picked on January 23rd: *Crocus*, *Iris alata*, *Paper-White Narcissus*, *Polyanthus Narcissus*,

Snowdrops, Cyclamen, Roman Hyacinth, Aronites, Scillas and pink and white Camellias. Arum Lilies are seven inches high in the pond. Bluebells, Dog's-tooth Violets, Gladiolus and many other bulbs are well up.—
VIOLET BRYCE.

SIRAL HEMP FOR SCARING BIRDS.

SIR,—The birds are a great trouble in my fruit garden. We try to save our fruit-buds by spraying, netting, bird-scarers and shooting, but still they rob us of the buds wholesale. No doubt others suffer in a like manner; but as we adjoin a large common where tits and bullfinches abound, perhaps we are more troubled than most gardeners. The best scare I know is to place lightly on the bush and espalier trees strands or fibres of Siral hemp, of which I send you a specimen. I should like you to try it; the advantages are that it is very cheap, very lasting, and it adheres to the twigs for months. It does not interfere with the growth and the least breath of air moves it. I find all birds avoid fruit trees or bushes after we have placed some of this fibre on them; a few strands are sufficient. Herons can be kept from trout streams by a contrivance called the Amblecote Bird Scarer. The Siral hemp can be obtained from several City firms.—
H. W. PRICE.

THE WINTER-FLOWERING THORN.

SIR,—About three miles from here grows a curious tree. It is called the "Holy Thorn," and I am told it blossoms at midnight on the twelfth day after Christmas. I first heard of it two or three years ago, but have not seen it. This year several people living near here went to see it. They say it was covered with a small white blossom. The man on whose ground it grows was on guard, and would allow no picking or pulling about. Quite right too; it would probably soon be spoilt. There are, I am told, two or three other trees—I think in the West of England. The parent tree of all is at Glastonbury. An old legend has it that Joseph, once journeying through England, on reaching Glastonbury said he could go no further, stuck his staff in the ground, and it grew into the "Holy Thorn." I wonder if any of your readers know of the tree and its proper name. It must be an evergreen, as green leaves are on it when it blooms. Winter-flowering trees and shrubs are treasures.—M. E. MURRAY, The Glebe, Brinsop, Hereford.

[The Winter-flowering or Glastonbury Thorn is *Crataegus oxyacantha praecox*.—Ed.]

FURNITURE OF THE XVII. & XVIII. CENTURIES.

AMONG the remarkable treasures in painting and furniture at Dalkeith Palace, the two wonderful cabinets mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE of October 7th, 1911, stand out pre-eminent and are now given in illustration. They are said to have been presented by Charles II. to

his son the Duke of Monmouth, on the occasion of his marriage to the Countess of Buccleuch in 1663, having, no doubt, been originally a gift from Louis XIV. to his first cousin Charles II., and very possibly in the form of a *pourparler* towards the first pecuniary arrangements between the two Kings, as it was in 1661 that Louis XIV. entered into negotiations with England, which culminated in the Portuguese marriage, the ill-advised sale of Dunkirk, the clandestine correspondence and unfortunate pecuniary bargains with France that have left an indelible stain on the memory of Charles II.

The cabinets—if their date as a marriage gift is correct—cannot be the work of the celebrated André-Charles Boulle, who was at that date painting pictures and had not yet become cabinet-maker to the French King. This combination of tortoiseshell with metal inlay must have been an invention of some years previous, as a cabinet of shell and ebony, inlaid with designs in gilt brass, is mentioned in the inventory taken in 1653 of Cardinal Mazarin's furniture. It is not safe to assign any definite

piece of cabinet-maker's work to André-Charles Boulle before 1672, as nothing is known of his productions in this direction till that date, and much of the early work attributed to him no doubt emanated from his father's studios. He



LOUIS XIV. CABINET AND STAND.

(Inlaid with tortoiseshell and metal.)



LOUIS XIV. CABINET AND STAND
WITH MARQUETERIE AND METAL INLAY.

FURNITURE of the
17th and 18th Centuries

The Property of
The Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.



THE
LIBRARY OF THE
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NEW YORK

was born in 1642, and as at the age of twenty we know that he was still pursuing his vocation as a painter, it is unlikely that he should have been working on such important furniture as the Dalkeith cabinets. Jacques Sommer, Pierre Poitou and Jean Macé were also famous "ebenistes" to Louis XIV. and carried out the finest work for the Royal palaces, one of these makers receiving an order from the King for fourteen cabinets, with the allegorical figures of Religion and Wisdom, which were supposed to inspire all the acts of the Sun-King.

The superb example in the coloured plate shows a combination of most brilliant marqueterie in coloured woods on an ebony ground framed in white metal mouldings; the central panel is inlaid with a vivid and flamboyant design of acanthus, birds, and ribbons interwoven at the base with an eagle and a lion in the taste of Louis XIII.; the small marqueterie drawers are framed in the same metal and the little ormolu masks still possess the vitality of the Renaissance; the cartouche forming the over-door is decorated with a medallion of the King in high relief, flanked with trophies of arms, all executed in ormolu. The bronze and gilt figures supporting the upper portion are alive

in their activity and the work of an accomplished sculptor such as Caffieri or Tuby, who were both in close conjunction with the cabinet-makers directly patronised by the King.

The other cabinet is of a totally different execution, being of tortoiseshell inlay on a brass ground, and far more in the style associated with the name of Boulle. The centre panel is an inlay of brilliantly-coloured woods representing a bird and butterfly among oak and foliage; the terminal figures supporting the cabinet are well modelled, but lack the remarkable vitality of the other specimen. In Louis XIV.'s Bedroom at Versailles can be seen a duplicate of the upper part of this cabinet where the ground is tortoiseshell and the inlay of metal, the marqueterie panel of the bird being exactly the same in both examples. These two cabinets from Dalkeith are exceptionally fine specimens of a style of furniture seldom attempted in this country, and demanding an excellence in technique to which we never attained. They are most representative of the state of artificial luxury and elegance inseparable from the best French work of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

P. M.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

GOLFING WRITERS AND THEIR GOLF.

THESE are to-day so many golfing writers, chronically or merely occasionally so afflicted, that it is rather rare to meet a man who can say with a safe conscience that he has never written—I mean for publication—on the game at all. There was a time, however, when I was nearly alone among the writers, among those at least who wrote didactically, on the venerable pastime, and at that date many a man used to say to me, "I can't think how you can hit the ball at all, having thought so much about how you are going to do it." Apparently this was before the day of what is now called "thinking golf." At all events, if men thought then, they did not think so loudly as they do now. But as to the main point involved, it would be interesting to know what effect their writing about the game, which must involve a certain amount, as we may presume, of thinking, has had on the principal players. It does not seem to have done that game of theirs any harm. One of the most frequent writers and most finished theorists did, indeed, tell me the other day that he found he could not play golf unless he could forget all about theory; but I suspect that was said in his haste, in a moment of revolt, and that by next week he will be thinking and theorising as hard as ever again.

APPRECIATION OF "WRIST ACTION" BY THE PROFESSORS.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the professional players, even those who do not write, do not give a deal of thought to the playing of the different strokes. And I think that you may notice—and it is a note which may be well worth the making—that whereas among amateurs you will hear a great deal of discussion about the bigger movements of the swing, the turn of the body, the lift on the left foot, the stance and so on, when you are at a debate among the professionals you find wrist action its subject much more than any other movement, and almost to the exclusion of any other. It may be, perhaps, that they think they have passed the point, as doubtless they have, at which discussion of these big limb actions can be profitable to them; as if all that belonged to the grammar of the art. But, besides that, this preoccupation with wrist action also implies a conviction that it is supremely important, as well as very difficult to understand fully and to execute quite rightly. As is no more than natural, they all express the highest admiration for Harry Vardon's wrist work; but what does not appear nearly so inevitable is that they credit him with having more knowledge of it, as well as more practical skill

therein, than any other of their whole lot. "He knows more about the way to use his wrists than any of us"—that is how one of his chief rivals, himself a great man of his wrists, spoke to me about him. We amateurs, it is likely, do not give quite enough attention to this particular joint.

THE RHYTHM OF THE SWING.

There is one point in particular about the golfing swing, and the address to the ball generally, which the professionals seem to understand a great deal better than the amateurs, and to which they very likely owe something of their superior accuracy, and this is the value of observing the *rhythm*, as it may be called, especially in the approach stroke, in all the preparatory movements of the arms and hands which are executed above the ball in the preliminary "waggle." I do not know whether this, as written, is very clear, but if a man will take a club, say, a mashie, in his hand and will go through the movements of his ordinary "waggle" and address to the ball with it, he will find, unless he is more fortunate or more clever in this particular than most amateurs, that after he has passed through all these processes, which seem as if they were intended to wind him up for the stroke, he is then apt to lose all sense of the pace and to let himself run right down again, as it were, when he rests his club for a moment on the ground behind the ball before bringing it up and away in the upward swing. That momentary pause is intended, no doubt, to give the opportunity for a final adjustment of the aim—perhaps the rhythm of the whole business could be kept more perfect if the pause was not made at all; but the pause is of so much value for the correction and steadying of the aim that its total omission cannot be recommended. But it may be made of just such a length or brevity as not to interfere with the timing, and to become of one piece with it. Thus the rightly-timed pause will be shorter, the shorter

the stroke that is to be played. When the muscle movements of the address, preparatory to a crisply-struck shot, are rapid, the pause will be brief, in accord with them; when only a short putt is contemplated and the muscle movements are slow, the pause will be in proportion long. If we watch the professionals at play, we may see, I think, that, consciously or unconsciously, they observe this harmony, fitting the length of the pause to the pace of the movements, and so preserving the rhythm far more harmoniously than most amateurs. It is a point worth pious attention. H. G. H.

A REMEDY FOR JUMPING.

After playing golf for a certain number of years we come, through bitter experience, to distrust all "tips" and cures. Nevertheless, it is still rather



A SCRIBE IN DIFFICULTIES.

fun to invent them, even when we do not believe in them quite whole-heartedly. For example, I have lately invented a cure for the joint crimes of jumping and pirouetting too freely on the left toe. It is quite a simple cure, and consists of practising the perfect swing in one's stocking feet. Those who have been brought up to the profession of ballet-dancing can balance on the extreme tip of a toe that has no shoe on it, and I believe that the Maori Rugby football team could kick goals with their bare toes, but our toes are not as theirs. However freely we try to swing, we cannot get on to the tip of our shoeless toe; at least, it hurts us if we do, and so we do no more than turn upon the inside edge of the left foot, which is just what the books of great men tell us that we ought to do. It is worth adding that to practise too frequently in this bare-foot

style will probably make the practiser fly to the opposite extreme and lose all trace of freedom through having his feet glued to the floor.

A SCRIBE IN DIFFICULTIES.

The struggling writer in the picture prefers to veil his identity in a well-deserved obscurity, but I think I know the bunker in which he is delving. It is that which guards the green at the Rushes hole at Hoylake, that trickiest and most subtle of short holes, where the ball must be pitched just over the bunker and no more. In this case it is clear that the ball has not been pitched quite far enough; in fact, I know it was not, for, curiously enough, I was present when the shot was played. It was one out of a number of very bad ones; indeed, I could tell by how many holes the poor man lost his match. B. D.

O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

THE LATE MR. J. MAUNSELL
RICHARDSON.

WE have all read the story of Mr. Maunsell Richardson's two successive victories in the Grand National. But it is as a hunting-man that I wish to speak of him here. When at the beginning of last season we were told that his advice would be at the service of General Brocklehurst in the Cottesmore country, it was felt that there could be no better counsellor in the breeding of hounds, nor any more competent nor kindly critic of the efforts of the new huntsman. If anything could have added to the satisfaction with which the appointment to the Cottesmore Mastership of General Brocklehurst was received, it would have been the announcement that Mr. J. M. Richardson would take part in the management of the hounds. He was born in 1846 at Limber in the Brocklesby country, and quickly distinguished himself during his school and college days as an athlete, a cricketer (he played for Harrow



WORK IN THE SNOW.

against Eton and for Cambridge against Oxford) and in the saddle. He was from very early days a fine horseman, with a strong seat,

fine hands and an instinctive judgment of pace. In his days at Cambridge there was a little group of horsemen who lived much together, and even in those days won their share of races between the flags. Lord Minto, Mr. Cecil Legard and the present Earl of Morton were in the same set as Mr. Richardson, and had the same love of horse and hound. Mr. Richardson had always been a follower of the Brocklesby Hounds, and when, during the minority of the present Earl of Yarborough, his mother stepped in to carry on the hounds till her son came of age, Mr. Richardson was her right hand in the stable and the kennel. In 1881 he married Victoria Countess of Yarborough, and this, of course, drew his connection closer with the hounds, of which Lady Yarborough was then Master. For something like ten years he had considerable influence in the breeding of the pack.

During his time Brocklesby Weathergauge was bred—so useful to the home kennel and to their neighbours in the Southwold country. This



A LITTLE FUN IN THE SNOW.

hound was one of the very best, if not the best, of the sons of Belvoir Weathergauge, and he brought into the pack the fine tongue with its bell-like notes which was the inheritance of the Wonder Susan family. In the days when I lived and hunted in Lincolnshire, it used to be a great pleasure to make excursions into the Brocklesby country in order to see Mr. Richardson hunting the dog pack. With all their fine qualities, the Brocklesby dog hounds would not work for everyone; but Mr. Richardson handled them with the patience and tact which got the very best work from them. And it was very pretty to see them swing round to him as he made his cast, showing, by the way they leaned towards their huntsman as he turned his horse's head, the confidence they felt in his knowledge of the run of the fox. To the world at large his death came as something of a surprise; but the failure of strength during the past year was notable to his friends, especially in one whose almost boyish keenness, spirits and activity seemed to defy the approach of age.

THE BLANKNEY COUNTRY VACANT.

The Blankney Hunt has in the course of its forty-two years of existence had eight changes of Mastership, and is now threatened with another, Sir Robert Filmer having sent in his resignation owing to ill-health. The Blankney is a hunt which has many advantages and some drawbacks. But since Sir Robert Filmer took the hounds the sport has been good, and, as generally happens when a huntsman kills his foxes, the supply of foxes has considerably increased. It is noteworthy that one of the founders of the Blankney Hunt, Mr. Henry Chaplin, is still living, and is this season hunting in the Pytchley country. The Blankney is, of course, a part, and some people would say the best part, of the old Burton, a country which is famous alike for the Masters who have hunted it and for the packs of hounds

which have been bred within its borders. Scarcely even Meynell's famous pack has had more influence on the modern foxhound than that of Lord Monson, who hunted foxes in Lincolnshire in 1784, while Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. Chaplin bred hounds whose descendants have in our day made hunting history in many countries, and perhaps especially in the Pytchley country. It is therefore a country particularly attractive to a Master who wishes to breed hounds. For the last three seasons, from distemper or other causes, there have been a good many drafts in the entry, but these have been well selected from the York and Ainsty, the Northumberland and Berwick, the Linlithgowshire and Stirling and other well-known working packs. It is a four-day-a-week pack, with a subscription of about one thousand five hundred pounds a year.

AN AFTERNOON HUNT WITH THE PYTCHLEY.

The Pytchley country is never so delightful as when an afternoon fox gives an opportunity to second horses and has thinned down the crowd. There are always a certain number of people who come out in the morning full of keenness and effervescing with life and spirits, but whose keenness is blunted and who become

flat about two o'clock. This is especially the case if the morning's sport has been but moderate. There are many people who think, in spite of experience, that it must necessarily be so all day long. But I am inclined to think that afternoon slackness is sometimes the result of too liberal a luncheon, and from this opinion I have for a long time eschewed all but the very simplest refreshment in the middle of the day, and certainly fancy that I enjoy my afternoon hunts better. Given a scent in the afternoon, the fox who has had his sleep out and digested his supper of the night before will run further and longer than he would have done in the morning. Crick is the country of story and of song. But the best hunting country in Northamptonshire, and perhaps in the Shires, is that which falls to the lot of those who hunt on a Friday; when hounds meet, as they did last Friday, at Cottesbrook and run towards Market Harborough. When Sir Charles Lowther gave the order for Scotland Wood, a fox was a certainty. A fox knows when he is welcome, and in the coverts round Maidwell Hall he is not merely welcome, but his tastes are carefully considered. There are coverts which may hold a fox. There are coverts even in the Pytchley country which ought to be, but are not, sure finds,

and Scotland Wood is one of the former. As soon as the fox was settled, he pointed for Tally Ho, and the line was therefore over a charming country—just the sort of country that enables a man with a good horse and a good eye—one who is able, that is, to pick the right places in the fences—to draw to the front. A heavier country was that under Naseby Village, where the familiar spire was a landmark on the right. Hounds were just holding the line as they turned right-handed from Clipston, past the Old Covert at Naseby and, crossing the road, dropped into the Longhold Coverts, where foxes nearly always hang. But a fox went away, only to find a refuge



SHELTERING OUTSIDE THE SHED.

and bring a delightful hunt to a close at Alford Thorns.

A WEEK OF VARIED SPORT.

In spite of fog and rain, it has been a week of good sport on the whole. The Blencathra Hounds began by hunting a fox in a dense fog, when it was already dark, for two hours; and, indeed, the sport shown by these hounds in a country where the huntsman can give them but little assistance may remind us what foxhounds can do if left to their own resources. Then, on Tuesday, Charles Morris, the former Pytchley whipper-in, who now hunts the York and Ainsty, had an extraordinary run after a meet at Nun Appleton. They found a gallant fox in one of Lord Holden's coverts—no doubt a traveller from the Bramham Moor. As an experienced fox always does, he took a couple of rings round the covert, manœuvring for a start, and then broke away, and for two hours and more gave them an interesting and varied hunt. There was just the right scent. On the plough the good dog hounds could hunt him; on the grass they could race him. Morris, with the instinct of a true huntsman, gave his fox the credit of going on, and held hounds forward when they seemed to want his aid, so that at last the fox was fairly beaten. Hounds ran from scent to

view—how seldom one sees this!—and rolled him over. Sometimes I think that foxes are more apt to go to ground in thick weather than when it is clear, and they often seem, by their way of running, to be thoroughly puzzled as to their whereabouts. The Cattistock, on Tuesday, found and killed a fox after a two hours' hunt in a thick fog, the running of the fox seeming to suggest that he was completely lost. X.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE BREAK-UP OF ESTATES.

THE long-delayed Report of the Departmental Committee has at last been issued, and is very interesting reading. The chief points in it are as follows. First of all, the Committee are satisfied that an abnormal number of estates are being broken up and sold. During 1910 land to the value of £1,500,000 was disposed of; the value of that sold in 1911 had risen to £2,000,000. Moreover, it is added, there seems every indication that the tendency to break up the large agricultural estates is likely to continue.

CAUSES OF INCREASED SALES.

Three causes are enumerated: (a) a loss of confidence on the part of landlords owing to "the probable tendency of legislation and taxation in regard to land"; (b) a certain amount of increased agricultural prosperity and the consequent demand for land for agricultural purposes has afforded an opportunity of selling to those whose property is mortgaged; "a sale will often enable the vendor to pay off the mortgages and to retain an income in excess of what he has been receiving as owner of the land, and in other cases mortgagees are realising their securities"; (c) many landowners are selling to get rid of "heavy responsibilities" which in the past have been accompanied with "a comparatively small return on their capital."

THE POSITION OF TENANT FARMERS ON THE OCCASION OF SALE.

We must quote the following passage in full: "Witnesses before the Committee were practically unanimous in expressing the view that the tenants farming on the large estates of England and Wales desired nothing better than to remain as tenants under their present landlords, and, in view of the remission of rent by landlords in bad seasons, and the execution of repairs and improvements over and above the strictly agricultural requirements of the farms, the position of tenants under good landlords is apparently a satisfactory one." The next point is that experience shows how difficult it is to sell large estates as a whole. They go much more easily in lots. It is usual, when a sale takes place, to give notice to the tenant, and thus place him in a position of uncertainty which may endure for nine months. Until the auction takes place he does not know whether he will be allowed to remain or not. If a sale is effected, "the longest period he has at his disposal to make all his arrangements for leaving is not more than three months." The importance of these facts grows apparent when it is remembered that the business of agriculture necessitates looking forward at least twelve months. Often the tenant when he has to leave loses a business connection such as a milk round or a reputation for cheese. He has been taught by experience how to work the farm he must leave, but is ignorant of the one he goes to. He may also have got together a useful staff of farm labourers, and the work of organising and training them has to be done over again. Here is a very important point: "If a tenant elects to rent the farm under the new landlord, he is liable to be rented on any improvements which he has executed, without receiving any compensation. Unable to obtain another holding, he may perhaps agree to take the farm at an increased rent at which he may not be able to farm profitably." Should he decide to buy, he may very likely be induced at the auction to run the price up to a high figure in order to retain his home. The very improvements he has made may have the effect of increasing the purchase price. On the other hand, such cases are not numerous. It is at present exceptional for a sale to result in the dispossession of a tenant. The section with which we are dealing ends with a note that deserves to be carefully kept in mind: "The evidence the Committee have received proves that tenants do not ask for leases and that they prefer to enter into a contract by which the tenancy, save in special cases, can be terminated by the usual 12 months' notice. It may be argued, therefore, that the tenant who wishes to hold his farm on comparatively short notice in order that he may have facilities for leaving when he desires, cannot himself, in justice, demand absolute security of tenure from the landlord should he find it to his interests to remain."

SUGGESTED REMEDIES.

The Committee have evidently found it very difficult to suggest a sound remedy. The paragraph about tenants preferring the

yearly engagement takes away a good deal from their position, as if they voluntarily choose to have an agreement terminable at twelve months' notice, they cannot complain when that condition is complied with. A few minor alterations are pointed out. Many witnesses seem to think that a two years' notice should be made statutory where there is no agreement. The moral effect of this amendment would probably be to cause tenants to ask for a two years' notice and for landlords to grant it. The Committee consider that the custom prevailing in certain parts of the country of letting agricultural land at six months' notice is detrimental to agriculture, and they recommend that, with the exception of notices being given for one of the purposes referred to in Section 23 of the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1908, a notice to quit for less than twelve months should be made void by statute.

COMPENSATION FOR IMPROVEMENTS.

Many farmer witnesses urged that the right of the tenant to compensation for improvements required amendment; but "a considerable amount of evidence was submitted to the Committee by land agents, surveyors, valuers and others to show that the average tenant farmer is already safeguarded, as far as is possible and necessary, in regard to all improvements executed by him." There is a lengthy discussion of the proposal that the unanimous recommendations of the Welsh Land Commission should be adopted. The chief items are: "Continuous good farming and cultivation or good husbandry in excess of the standard of cultivation or good husbandry which the tenant was bound to maintain," and "Haulage done by the tenant at the landlord's request in the course of making improvements in the holding." The difficulties in arranging this are, first, that it would tend to make landowners who are at present charging low rents charge commercial rents; secondly, farms are often let at a low rent for the first year or two on account of the bad condition of the land, and it would not be fair to give the tenant the right to claim compensation for improvement which was already covered by his nominal rent; thirdly, the wording of the phrase is not sufficiently definite to be of any use to the arbitrator or valuer in deciding a claim for continuous good husbandry.

STATE-AIDED PURCHASE.

We pass on to this, which is the most interesting and important part of the Report. It is introduced with these words: "Of all the remedies, which were advanced by the witnesses which came before the Committee, to alleviate the grievances under which the tenant farmer was alleged to be suffering, none was advocated so strongly as a scheme by which the tenant should be enabled to purchase his farm by the advance of money by the State. It is clear from the evidence that the main thing which the tenant farmers desire is to be able to remain on their farms, and it is usually when a farmer is unable to remain as a tenant, owing to the breaking up of estates, that he desires to become an occupying owner. There is little desire for ownership in itself, and it is only advocated as an alternative to being turned out of his home." The Committee set up four requirements which should be satisfied before a scheme of this kind is adopted. "The primary requirement is to ensure as far as possible that no loss should be incurred by the State, and the Committee are glad to say that this view was agreed to by all the witnesses. Although the tenant farmer is eager to take advantage of the State credit of which he would have the benefit, it is, the Committee think, clearly understood that any scheme must be conducted on commercial lines, and that the State should be safeguarded in every way possible. The second consideration is that care should be exercised in selecting the tenants to whom advances should be made. In the third place, care must also be taken that the purchase price to be paid for the farm in no case exceeds the proper market value of the property. Fourthly, the scheme should be framed in such a way as to ensure that the annual payments in respect of interest on the loan and the sinking fund for its repayment, should not exceed an amount which the farmer can afford to pay with a reasonable probability of success."

The Committee had many schemes before them, and came to the conclusion that the proposal of Sir Edward Holden, Bart., was the most practicable. It rests on the establishment of a land bank or institution to lend money to the farmer to enable him to purchase his holding. "It is recommended that the State should advance the sum of £500,000 to constitute the capital of the bank or institution, which will pay the State 3½ per cent. interest on the loan, this interest to be cumulative. The institution will then lend to the farmer four-fifths of the purchase money to be repaid by annual instalments spread over a period of 75 years or such period as may be arranged between the purchaser and the institution. Additional money will be obtained when necessary by the issue of bonds to carry interest at 3½ per cent. or such a rate of interest as would cause them to be taken up whenever issued."

The alternative to this scheme is the State purchase of land to let to sitting tenants. The Committee repeat their statement that tenants do not desire to purchase their farms except as an alternative to leaving them altogether. On the general proposal the Report says: "It is obvious that, if money be advanced to tenants, the State must take some risk. The tenant would be buying in the open market, possibly against the very severe competition such as now prevails and would probably give more than the real value. On the other hand, the State, buying as it would in large blocks and choosing its own time, would be able to acquire the land much cheaper and would enjoy the advantage of the large owner as against the small man in cost of administration and repairs, etc., whilst it could, moreover, borrow at a much lower rate of interest. All this should ultimately be to the benefit of the State tenant. Under a scheme of State-aided purchase, the State would undoubtedly incur a risk, not merely as regards reduction in value, but also of depreciation owing to bad cultivation, as, in the latter case, the personal remedy against the occupier is valueless in the majority of cases, whilst any profit on the transaction due to appreciation in the price of land would, in the absence of restriction on the tenant's right to sell after the expiration of a short period, benefit the individual farmer, and it is an open question how far State funds should be utilised to benefit some members of the by no means large class of farmers who desire to purchase their holdings. If, however, the State purchases and lets to the tenants, it takes the profit, if any, as well as the risk, and, whilst obtaining for the tenant security of tenure, he will be left free and untrammelled

to apply the whole of his capital to his business, which is primarily agriculture and not land-owning." It may be useful to reprint the summary of recommendations made by the Committee:

- "(1) That the period of notice of intention to claim compensation for disturbance under section 11 of the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1908, should be amended.
- (2) That in the absence of agreement, two years' notice should be required to determine the tenancy of an agricultural holding.
- (3) That, except when notice to quit is given for one of the purposes referred to in section 23 of the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1908, or where the tenancy is for a period of twelve months or less, notices to quit for less than twelve months should be made void by statute.
- (4) That the tenant should be empowered to demand extended notice in the case of a sale.
- (5) That the Small Holdings Act, 1910, should be amended to provide for payment of compensation for disturbance in all cases when land is actually acquired for small holdings.
- (6) That, if special legislation be enacted for Wales, effect should be given to certain recommendations of the Welsh Land Commission, unanimously adopted by them.
- (7) That a scheme of State-aided purchase should be instituted on the lines of Sir Edward Holden's scheme.
- (8) That a scheme of State purchase should be instituted as supplementary to Sir Edward Holden's scheme of State-aided purchase."

CORRESPONDENCE.

GULLS AND FISH ON WIMBLEDON COMMON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am an indifferent naturalist, but I have been much interested in watching the gulls on the Queensmere Pond on Wimbledon Common. In various articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* you say gulls do practically no harm to fish owing to their being unable to dive. I have been observing the gulls on this pond, and anyway they seem to me to dive sufficiently deep for the head and wings to be submerged, and there are numbers of dead fish about the Queensmere. Just above the overflow I found a ten-inch fish and below the overflow a number of small fish. All seemed to have been killed by damage to the eye, and I do not think this could be from any other reason than attacks by gulls. The strange thing is that the gulls do not seem to eat the fish after killing them. I always thought a gull would eat anything. I take it there is no doubt this killing of fish is the work of gulls.—WIMBLEDON.

[Our correspondent's observations are not convincing. It seems to us highly improbable that these quasi-diving movements were in this case associated with fishing, if only because, as he seems to show, the fish slain were not eaten. We hope, if he witnesses a similar event, he will send us one or two of the damaged fish. Their injuries may have been due to disease and not to violence.—ED.]

GULLS FEEDING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may like to use the enclosed pretty photograph of gulls feeding. You will see how they hover over the water, or, at any rate, stick to the surface.—Z.

MR. JESSE COLLINGS AND TENANT FARMERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest your paragraphs on Mr. Collings' proposals, but I wish to ask you for an explanation. You say that "The point which Mr. Collings does not elucidate is that the tenant, *who has strained his resources*," etc. What I should like you to be good enough to state is in what part of Mr. Collings' Bill will a tenant be required to "strain his resources"? I cannot but think you are under an entire misapprehension in this matter.—L. F. SHEPPICK.

[A tenant who becomes an owner *ipso facto* puts an additional strain on his resources. In the Report of the Departmental Committee on Tenant Farmers and Sales of Estates it is stated that "in certain parts of the country land is at present let at rents below its present economical value." It follows, therefore, that a rate of interest calculated on the actual value of the land must be greater than the present rent. That is one strain. The second is that the burdens of



SEAFARING PEOPLE.

maintenance and repair which had previously been done by the landowner for his tenant would have to be done by himself. Thirdly, it is the tradition of landowners to allow a rebate of rent on a bad year. A little owner would find his resources strained to provide for this contingency himself.—Ed.]

DANGERS OF ELECTRICAL APPARATUS IN COUNTRY HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A short time back a lady told me of a friend who was badly burned through someone fixing a copper fuse to an electric radiator instead of the light tin or lead fuse. Some time ago a monthly journal recommended to its readers who have the electric light installed in their houses (and a long way from any town where a practical man can be got) to fix a hair-pin or any metal in the fuses in case of a breakdown rather than being left in the dark. Now, sir, I wish to point out the great danger in doing such a thing. There is nothing safer in a house than the electric light or other electric apparatus if properly installed; at the same time there is often great danger in meddling with apparatus, no matter how simple things may seem, unless one knows what they are doing. I trust you will be able to find room in COUNTRY LIFE for the above, as no doubt a great many of your readers live in country houses and have electric apparatus installed. The moral which I wish to point is that all electric light and other electric apparatus should be properly fused so that in case of an accident the fuse will easily blow and no damage is done.—CHARLES RETTIE.

OUR YOUNGEST MILKMAID.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a picture that I think you will find extremely pretty and not uninteresting. The little maid is Miss Miriam Rothschild, the daughter of the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rothschild and grand-daughter of Lord Rothschild. She is milking one of the Jersey cows at the Home Farm, Tring. The interest of the picture lies in the fact that the little girl was only three years old when the photograph was taken, and it is not in any sense a pretence. Although only three years old, she was really able to milk with both hands, with good results. In fact, and this is really very remarkable, she had a better idea of milking in the correct way than some boys who start at a much later age.—ANONYMA.

CLOUDS AND THEIR FORMS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—HAD Lord Kelvin lived to see the investigation of the upper air by means of kites and small balloons, it is probable that, with his usual genius, he would have thrown light on the problems that the investigation has suggested. Unfortunately for meteorology, Lord Kelvin died when the exploration of the upper air had hardly begun. It has only lately become evident that one air current does not flow over another in the way formerly supposed, and, therefore, the explanation of wave and ripple clouds quoted by Mr. F. W. Henkel and, as he says, "commonly accepted by meteorologists," must be modified in view of the facts. When the direction of the upper wind is very different from that of the lower, it is found either that the change of direction takes place gradually or that there is a layer of calm between the two winds. Apart from local eddies near the surface, I know of no case in which one wind has been found blowing directly over another from a different direction. Complete changes of wind direction, known as reversals, rarely occur at a greater height than about thirteen thousand feet, except those that occur near the upper part of the atmosphere, known as the stratosphere, which is above the ordinary cloud level; but cirrocumulus, which often shows wave and ripple markings, usually occurs at heights greater than thirteen thousand feet. From my own observations I should say that the clouds formed in the layer of calm between two opposite winds are of the small cumulus type without any trace of wave motion, and I have never noticed clouds with wave markings as prevalent on days when reversals occur. Nevertheless, the cause of these waves deserves to be investigated, and I am grateful to Mr. Henkel for calling attention to the subject, which should have attention paid to it in future investigations of the upper air.—CHARLES J. P. CAVE.

WOODCOCK AND THE HIMALAYAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in your "Correspondence" column that a good deal has been written about the drumming of snipe, but I do not think anyone has remarked on a similar habit on the part of woodcock, and I would like to give an account of

an experience I once had with regard to the latter, which I think may be worth recording. In the summer of 1875 I was in the Pir Punjab range, and encamped at the foot of one of the high passes leading into the Kashmir Valley. I was strolling about after dinner near my tent, when I observed some birds fly out of a wood about a couple of hundred yards from, and higher up than, my tent. Their numbers rapidly increased until, I should say, there must have been quite thirty; but it was very difficult to estimate their number, as they were rising and falling alternately in a most confusing manner, and were so close together as to make counting almost impossible; at the same time they continued making a most extraordinary drumming, or rather wailing, noise, but I could not say whether in ascending or descending, though I presume the latter. This continued as long as light lasted, when the noise ceased. Soon after this I discovered that I was surrounded by these birds and heard them rising quite close; it was so dark that I could not see them. At last I managed to catch sight of one against the sky and, firing, heard a thud. I threw my handkerchief on the ground where I thought it had fallen and sent for a lantern. After considerable search I felt something under my foot (I had grass shoes on), and found, as I had suspected, that it was a woodcock. The ground where they were was quite moist; it was evidently their feeding-ground. This, I think, was about July 1st. I was aware that these birds were fairly common in the outer ranges of the Himalayas, but I did not expect to see such numbers as these. Perhaps some of your contributors may be able to throw some light on the subject.—J. R. KELSALL.

[The "röding" habits of the woodcock are, of course, familiar to most also the well-known whistle followed by three grunts and uttered at intervals by the male during his evening flights; but we have never known that species either to drum or to fly as described above. Possibly Colonel Kelsall may have mistaken the large Himalayan wood-snipe (*Gallinago nemoricola*), or, more likely, the Eastern solitary snipe (*G. solitaria*) for a woodcock, which it much

resembles in general appearance and size. The latter species is known to "bleat" with the tail-feathers, like the common snipe. Even though the bird shot by Major Kelsall was really a woodcock, the birds seen on the wing were probably solitary snipes feeding on the same ground.—Ed.]

THE SNIPE'S DRUM.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The letters of Mr. Ogilvie-Grant and of Mr. Wormald in reply to mine on the above subject have been full of interest, but I fear I cannot say that they have resolved my doubts. These doubts are based mainly, as I said in my former letter, on the difficulty of imagining that the sound in sufficient volume to carry from a quarter to half a mile could be produced by the tail-

feathers of the bird, however set or however acting. That is a point which neither writer answers, though Mr. Ogilvie-Grant's account of the way in which a similar sound—similar in kind, at all events—can be produced by feathers set in a cork must be interesting to all who did not hear of the demonstration when it was made. I very much regret that Father Irwin of Stonyhurst College is prevented by illness from taking part with his own pen in this discussion, but he permits me to quote his name in its connection. He has long observed the snipe "drumming," and is a believer in the wing production theory. He says that through a glass the upper wing, as the snipe descends and "drums," can be seen quivering in a very peculiar way, which he believes produces the sound; but might not this vibration be a necessary movement to keep the bird poised in the position it affects when thus slanting downwards? He tells me that he has submitted both the outer tail-feathers and also the wing-feathers to a high authority in acoustics, and that the opinion of the acoustical expert is decided that the tail-feathers could never produce a sufficient volume of sound for the "drum" to carry as far as it does, but that the wing-feathers, being much stronger, conceivably might. Mr. Ogilvie-Grant's statement that both sexes "drum" is interesting, for we may be confident he would not make it unless he had convinced himself of the fact. This is, of course, a question of fact of which it is easy to be convinced—by the simple, if illegal, method of shooting a few snipe while in the act of "drumming" in the breeding season. But if the origin of the "drum" is a question of fact, too, it is one that is not so easily resolved. Mr. Wormald's letter is a very interesting one, and, indeed, has many points in it specially bearing on this discussion; but I cannot think that the fact he mentions (I fully accept it as a fact, though I never heard the sound at that distance) that the green plover's strange wing music can be heard at a quarter of a mile, and the rattle of the golden-eye's wing equally far, is a very strong argument in favour of the tail-feathers of a tiny bird like a snipe being able to produce so far-reaching a sound.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.



A HAPPY WORKER.

A COUNTRY HOUSE QUERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if there is any means of getting rid of woodlice from a house? I have a small house, the inside of which is entirely panelled with American oak. The woodlice have got down behind the panels in the rooms, especially the bedrooms, where they are not very pleasant company. The house is a modern one, built of stone, with a thatched roof. Perhaps the latter is the cause of the arrival of the woodlice, or else the fact that the house is near the sea, which seems to be always a favourite neighbourhood for these pests. I would be very grateful if you could tell me of any means of getting rid of the woodlice. Perhaps some sort of powder sprinkled behind the panels would be the simplest method, but I know of no suitable one.—G. E. E.

THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers suggest how the roaring and howling of the wind in a bedroom chimney may be quietened? The one I refer to is built with a nine-inch fire-clay pipe embedded in the stonework. There is not a very big space above the grate before the pipe flue starts, but on a windy night it is almost impossible to sleep in the room.—J. H. H.

"FEATHER" IN NEW OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can give me particulars of a way of treating new English oak so that the "feather" or grain comes out darker than the surrounding wood? Quite half the beauty of old oak panelling consists in the wonderful variety and colour of the "tortoiseshell" markings; but I find that, although one can get new oak down to a fine colour by fuming with ammonia, the "feather" is not affected and remains quite as light as before. Having just bought a nice little lot of new English quartered oak, I am thinking of having some panelling made, and any help from your readers on the above would much oblige.—G. S. R.

AN ICE-MAKING MACHINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Every hotel in Switzerland that is not near a lake has its ice-making machine. A simple scaffolding is set up, through the middle of which a pipe is carried to catch the water from some mountain stream. The water, in seeking its own level, sprays out at the top like a fountain. It falls on the woodwork and on the surrounding snow, and the frost is continually at work turning it into ice, which in a week or two accumulates into solid masses. This ice is hewn away and carried on sleighs to the ice store. The frost that makes our

winter photograph beautiful will cool the drinks and make the wonderful ice-puddings for the visitors next summer.—A. C.

CANADIAN
FLOWER
NAMES.

TO THE EDITOR.
SIR,—Your article last week on "Quaint Canadian Flower Names" is most interesting. One of the expressions wants explaining. The writer of the article mentions that "a sweet secretion, partly intoxicating and partly soporiferous, in the pitcher's rim (Huntsman's cup)—*Sarracenia purpurea*—a pitcher plant,



A SIMPLE SCAFFOLDING.

also called the side-saddle flower) draws insects to a Henker's Mahlzeit, for once within the trap, egress from which is guarded by down-pointing hairs, the flies, after vain attempts to escape, drop into a watery grave at the bottom of the pitcher." "Henker's Mahlzeit" may be a puzzle to some, but it is a common German saying. Henker is a hangman; Mahlzeit, of course, is a meal, and the dictionaries give the phrase as equivalent to the last meal of one sentenced to death, or, colloquially, a farewell dinner. It is so rare to find a German semi-slang phrase used in an article in English that this instance seems worthy of note, especially as it is most appropriately used.—FRANK SCHLOSSER.



NO MUSIC, PLEASE!

DOGS AND MUSIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice a letter in your last issue on the above subject, and this curious dislike for concordant sounds on the part of dogs has previously attracted my attention. I enclose a photograph I have taken of a Scotch terrier belonging to a relative which barks furiously when a piano is played and moans like a child crying when anyone sings. He makes no effort to leave the room, however, and is somewhat pacified if nursed. On one occasion, when a little boy played a tin whistle, the dog attacked him, although in the ordinary way he is most peaceful and never snaps or barks at strangers.—CLAUDE H. GAGGERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is evident to all observers that many animals differ from one another in their likes and dislikes nearly as much as do their masters and mistresses. One horse is most grateful for sugar, another will not look at it. To many dogs music is apparently a cause of keen discomfort, others remain quite unmoved; and I have known one brilliantly clever animal—he was a Skye terrier, known to his friends as "Moses"—who could even recognise a tune. His mistress, anxious to ascertain the fact, took pains to impress a simple air on his mind by frequently playing it to him, and always rewarding him by a few throws of a soft ball when she had done. No matter when that tune was played, in the middle of sonata, march or nocturne, often during a crowded evening party, Moses never failed to recognise it and to claim his unvarying reward. He possessed many other accomplishments, but this was the most unusual one. No one knew his exact age; but he must, I think, have been at least twenty when he at last closed an honoured old age to the deep regret of his friends. Other animals, I believe, are variously affected by music. I have known cattle collect at the park railings when a band was playing at the door of a country house, and stand listening as if they enjoyed it; and as for scent, if I remember aright, the author of that most interesting "Life at the Zoo" found that while it evidently gave pleasure to some animals, others showed signs of intense disgust and dislike—almost of fear—when it was offered them.—E. R. G.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—All dogs do not howl when they hear music, nor is it only one kind which does so. Terriers are not so sensitive as are large ones, and black dogs "give way to their feelings" more so than any other. The howl is certainly one of distress, and often dies away in a whine. Dogs sit on their haunches while they howl, with nose high in the air. I have heard say that only dogs with a mournful expression of eye howl when they hear music. The whole matter is a strange one, and there is something uncanny about it. A dog will howl in the night-time when all is still; but it is a somewhat different howl to that which he utters on hearing music; and the common notion when a dog howls at night is that Death is seeking someone. Another notion is that the dogs howl at night because they see the ghosts of long-dead dogs walking about. When music is the cause of the howl, the howl begins at some particular note. At any rate, the howling dog does not appear to be able to help it.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The letter which appeared about dogs howling when they hear music reminds me of a country house at which I used to visit a quarter of a century ago. The owner kept a breed of staghounds that he had procured originally from an old family in the West Highlands. They were not like our show dogs, but heavier and more powerful of jaw. It was characteristic of several members of this family that at three o'clock in the morning they raised the most extraordinary, long-drawn, wailing howl, a howl well calculated to frighten the visitor not prepared for it. It was frequently remarked that this curious howl was very likely to have given rise to some of the superstitions about Banshees, which were supposed to raise an equally melancholy wail in the early hours of the morning.—X.



MUFFLED IN ICE.



"THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE UMBRELLA."



HANUMAN, THE MONKEY GOD.



SLAYING THE MONSTER MAHIS-ASURA.

COLOURED DRAWINGS FROM MADRAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed coloured drawings were executed by an Indian native artist from Madras. I shall be glad if you or some of your readers can inform me who the four extraordinary-looking individuals represent. They are presumably Hindu gods, but I am anxious to find out their respective names. The drawing of a native plough is interesting, and shows a very primitive method of cultivation, the plough merely consisting of a piece of wood shod with iron. With regard to the drawing of the mill for extracting oil, this is an older method than the oil press recently described in your "Correspondence" column, and a drawing of which you kindly reproduced.—H. W. BURNUP.

[The following note on these curious drawings is supplied by the author of "The Literary History of India": "The figure in the centre is that of Hanuman; a good copy will be found on page 333, Wilkins' 'Hindu Mythology,' another in Crooke's 'Folklore of N. India.' Hanuman is the Monkey Deity who aided Rama in the journey through S. India to the Conquest of Ceylon—Lanka—where Sita, the wife of Rama, was held bound by Ravana. The Deity, with troops of monkeys, set fire to Lanka and carried Rama across the sea to the rescue of Sita. The story is the subject matter of India's great Epic, the Ramayana. A good picture of the figure to the

which is the moment when the armed monster issues from the neck of the buffalo when the head is just severed by the sword of the goddess: who, planting her foot on its body, is transfixing the monster with her golden lance.' The figure with three legs may represent Agni, the Fire Deity, the three legs representing speed of fire, and fire issuing from the mouth. The Deity is described by Wilkins, 'Hindu Mythology,' page 20, as represented in pictures with three legs and with flames of fire issuing from the mouth. The ascetic's staff and begging bowl are assumed, as those who bring gifts are ever prosperous. The object in the right hand may possibly represent the two pieces of stick from the rubbing of which fire is produced. The gentleman with the umbrella may be the artist's conception of an Indian 'blood' at Cambridge in his summer attire with a 'Burberry' gracefully twisted round his neck. It may also be a far-fetched ideal of the Deity Siva, the Destroyer, with the destroying cobra snake hung from his shoulders. May it not also be an idealised painting of some casual acquaintance of the gifted artist?—R. W. FRAZER (Madras Civil Service, retired)."—Ed.]



AGNI, THE GOD OF FIRE

right will be found in Moor's 'Hindu Pantheon,' plate 35, where it is described as the goddess Durga, or active Virtue, slaying the monster Mahis-asura, or Vice personified. Moor, page 152, says that all the pictures he has seen agree that the goddess has her from 2 to 32 arms filled with weapons and 'they generally agree in the time



AN ANTIQUE MILL FOR EXTRACTING OIL.



A PRIMITIVE PLOUGH.